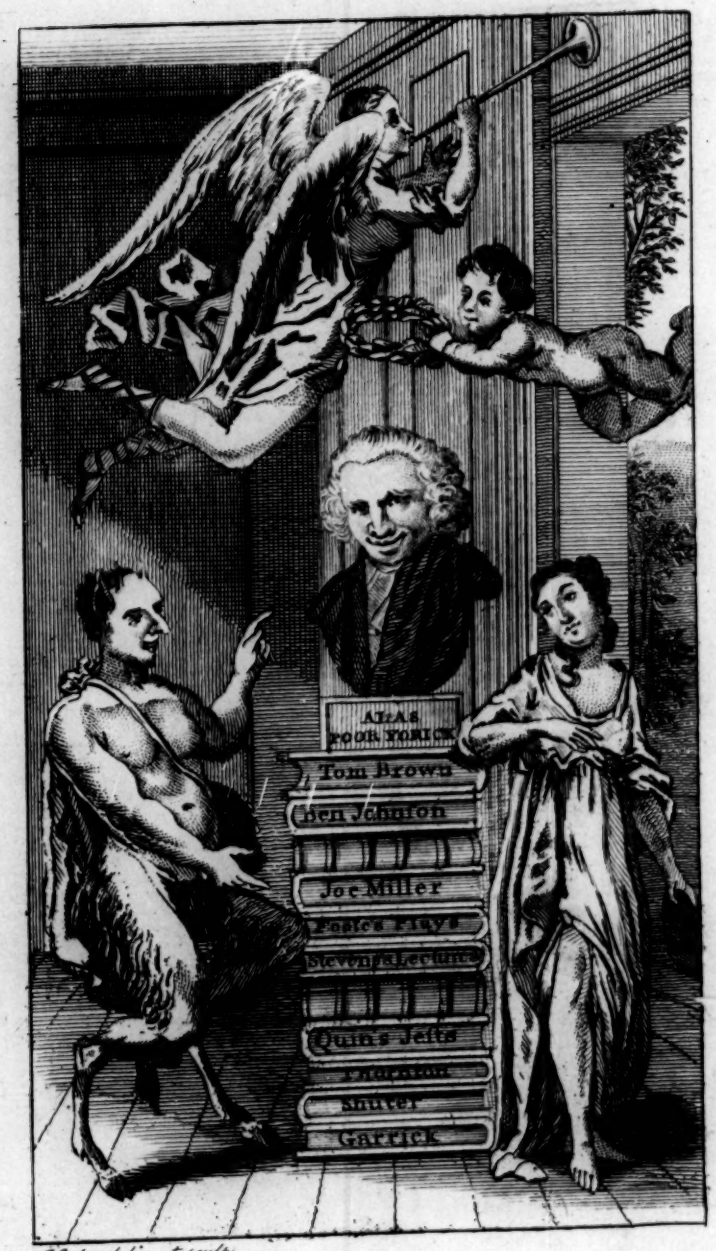

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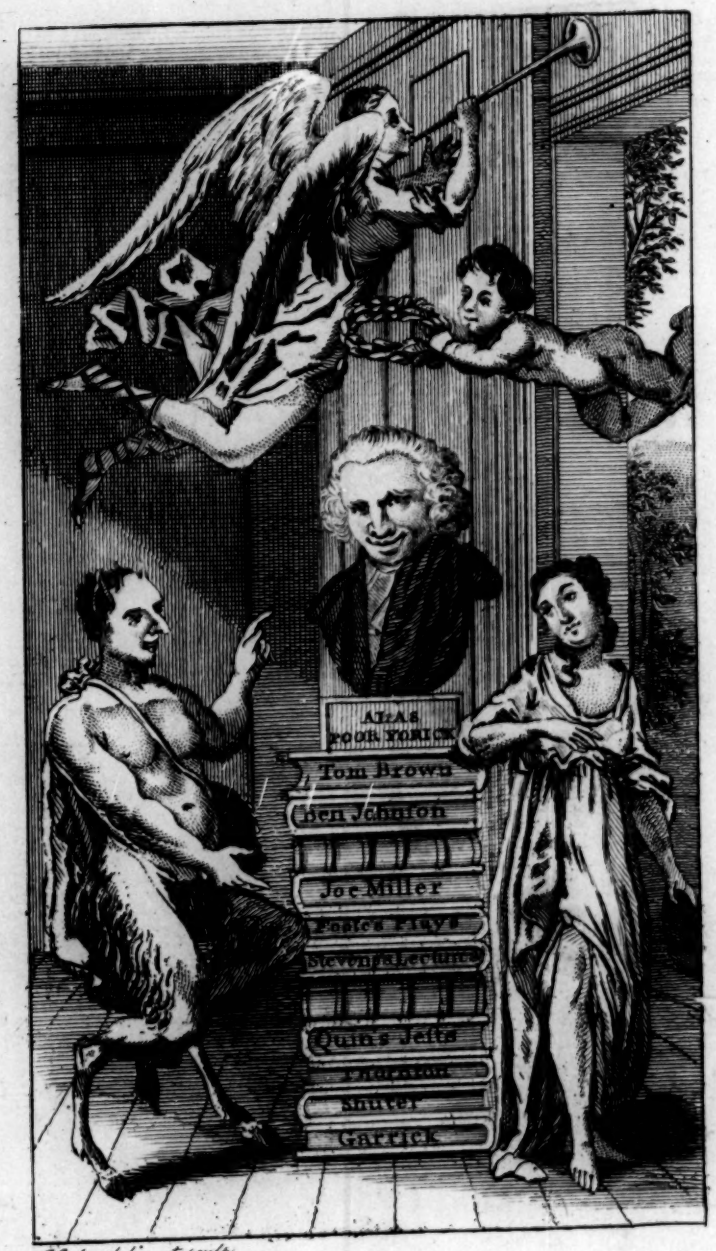

T. Lodge delin. et sculp.

YORICK's JESTS:

OR,

WIT's COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

ARRANGED ON A NEW PLAN.

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Humourous JESTS,	Ridiculous BLUNDERS,
Happy BONS-MOTS,	Droll TALES,
Strange ADVENTURES,	Pleasant STORIES,
Whimsical SAYINGS,	Keen EPIGRAMS,
Difficult RIDDLES,	Puzzling REBUSSES,
Perplexing ÆNIGMAS,	Original CROSS-READINGS, &c. &c. &c.
Smart REPARTEES,	

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS AND ANECDOTES OF

VOLTAIRE,	STERNE,	G. A. STEVENS,
FOOTE,	QUIN,	BEAU NASH,
Ld. CHESTERFIELD,	THORNTON,	NED SHUTER,
Dr. JOHNSON,	GARRICK,	GEO. SELWYN,
MAT. PRIOR,	COLMAN,	COL. BODEN,
Dean SWIFT,	CHASE PRICE,	&c. &c.

And other CELEBRATED WITS of the Last and Present AGE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A

CHOICE SELECTION

OF

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

"YORICK! I knew him—a fellow of infinite jest; of most "excellent fancy—gibes—gambols—songs—and flashes of "merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar!"

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

Printed for S. BLADON, Paternoster-Row.

1783.

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PREFACE.

SO many Collections of Jests have been published, and even the worst of them have been generally so well received, that little seems necessary to be said, as an apology for adding one dish more to the entertainment served up to the Public.

To use the name of YORICK, however, as the Sir *Clement Cotterell*, or *Master of the Ceremonies*, to announce a compilation of this kind, can by no means be deemed either unfair or inapposite. From the Jester of King Horwendillus, in the Court of Elsineur, to the time of his name's being assumed by the ingenious author of *Tristram Shandy*, the name of YORICK held a very high form among those characters most celebrated for jocular pleasantry. Of that eminent Humourist who graced the Court of Denmark, we are told by the man who best described human nature in her various deflexions, that "he was a "fellow of infinite jest, and of a most "excellent fancy:" and his best epitaph may be collected from Hamlet's apostrophe to his dead head: 'Here hung these lips 'that I have kissed I know not how oft! 'Where be your Gibes now? your Jests?

'your

'your Songs? your Flashes of Merri-
'ment, that were wont to set the table in
'a roar? Not one now to mock your
'own grinning! quite chap-fallen! Now
'get you to my lady's table, and tell her,
'let her paint an inch thick, to this com-
'plexion she must come at last: make her
'laugh at that'——

Thus much as to the Original: The name of YORICK has had some further reasons for its present application.

No reader can be a stranger to the Gentleman who chose to be distinguished by that name; and who will be remembered until taste, ingenuity, sentiment, and philanthropy, are no more; that is, until the character of my *Uncle Toby* can be forgotten. Of his humorous and festive faculties, his own works are the best record. The following sheets comprise not only such of his Jests as have obtained a part in his own publications, but many others which have been either attributed to him, or which he has been known to approve.

That Jesting was not that very light thing which men now esteem it, may be easily proved with so much learning as would seem to treat a joke too seriously; and it may therefore surprize men who have not read much to hear, that even the *grave* and *sententious* PLUTARCH may be accounted one of our best Jest-Collectors, having in his *Morals* preserved a number of

Jokes

Jokes which do not lose by their age, but remain perfectly pointed. They have one Jest against them, however; that is, that "*every thing but a Bishop is hurt by translation.*"

CICERO, also, in one of his most laborious works, (wherein he gives instructions to become, what he was so eminently himself, a good orator,) spends more than twenty pages in instructing in the art of Jesting agreeably, which he, in his 2d book of his *Orator*, says, however, can be taught by no art: "*multum facetias in dicendo prodesse, et eas arte nullo modo prodesse tradi.*"

Lord BACON likewise, in his *Apophthegms*, drew together all the wit of that sort existing at that time; but it was mixed with so much of a grave kind, as to leave his book unopened, except by men of a class who, notwithstanding their gravity, wish to unbend, if they can do it with dignity.

Jesting made a considerable part of the etiquette of ancient Courts; and while a regular Jester and a Poet-Laureat were really Wits and Poets, the continuation of the offices were useful; but since they have both degenerated, and are neither the one nor the other, we cannot see why, in this hour of public reform, the one office should not be dismissed as well as the other.

The utility of compositions of this sort need hardly be pursued farther than to Par-

Parliament, where Mr. C—TNEY upon all occaſions, and Mr. R-GBY on not a few, depend on their aid only; where Mr. B—KE, notwithſtanding his gravity, runs a Jeſt-hunting through the whole field of metaphor; where Mr. F—x has his laughable ſtrokes of mirth and pleaſantry; and where even Lord SH—BURNE himſelf has formerly made a Jeſt of a Great Perſonage, by alluding, in ſpeaking of him, to a King of Mahrattas, where the Council appoint a Peſhaw, or Miniſter, who rules over the Sovereign; that is, in Trinculo's language in Shakeſpeare —" Ay, Stephano, you ſhall be King, " but I'll be *Viceroy* over you."

A droll Wag, who was fond of punning, aſked what was *Majeſty*, if deprived of the externals? None of our readers will find any difficulty in getting at *A Jeſt* in that.—This, however, is parliamentary language, and not ſo proper for Jeſters by profeſſion; though perhaps a Satiriſt might ſay, that in the preſent mode of carrying on the buſineſs of Parliament, the Members of it are at leaſt practical Jeſters.

We ſhall leave this Jeſt of the Legiſlature, and look among the PHYSICIANS, whoſe very gravity is a Jeſt. The LAW, too, is a profeſſed ſyſtem of Joking, of which an *incomplete Abridgement* may be ſeen in *twenty-three volumes folio* by VINER. In DIVINITY, our ingenious prototype, in more than one inſtance, has diverted his audience

audience into a good humour with virtue; for

"A Jeſt may catch him who a ſermon flies,
"And pray'r aſcend inſtead of ſacrifice."

And every body muſt remember the ſucceſs which attended the Rev. Dr. WHITFIELD, and now attends Mr. WESLEY, from their happy knack of telling a ſtory. DANIEL BURGESS, in the laſt century, depended upon punning; and HUGH PETERS the regicide killed his ſovereign with a joke.

Having thus ſhewn the different purpoſes to which Jeſting has been and may be applied, it may be neceſſary to point out in what this Collection differs from others of the ſame kind. It was intended to have given an account of the books which have been publiſhed under this denomination, from TARLETON, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the preſent compilation; but beſides that moſt of theſe publications are either anonymous or mere catchpenny productions, without any authentic name annexed to them, it would be too voluminous to annex to a bagatelle of this ſort, and unintereſting to any but an Antiquarian, or, as ſome Jeſters have ſaid, "*an anti-queer one.*" It has been therefore thought proper to omit a long diſſertation on that ſubject for the preſent, and merely to give a new ſelection of the moſt approved Jeſts, arranged under the names of their reſpective Authors.

Every

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Every

Every perſon who has read the various *Ana* which have at different times improved and entertained the Public, will ſee the utility of this arrangement in the preſent Collection, which we have reaſon to think will ſuit all taſtes. Variety is the ſoul of compilations of this kind; and Variety here, we may affirm, is aſſiſted by Novelty to recommend it.

Stale Jeſts, inſipid Poems, and groſs indecencies, we have carefully avoided; but the lively Jeſt, the true *Bon Mot*, the entertaining Blunder, and droll ſayings, have been chiefly the objects of attention.—The ſagacious Reader will likewiſe perceive that we have introduced a great number of *new Jeſts*, as well as ſome other pieces of genuine wit and humour which never appeared in any other Jeſt-Book, nor were committed to the Preſs in their preſent form, till the publication of this work.

Smart Epigrams, droll Epitaphs, entertaining Tales, Riddles, Rebuſſes, &c. have been remembered in our Poetry; which likewiſe abounds with many other articles which we flatter ourſelves cannot fail to prove entertaining to the reader.

In a word: The EDITOR of this Jeſt-Book, modeſtly preſuming that he has provided a good meal for thoſe who love to laugh and grow fat, bids his readers fall to; and much good may it do them!

YORICK's JESTS.

ROYAL BONS MOTS, &c.

THE present Emperor of Germany, in one of his familiar conversations, observed, "That it was hard indeed, because he "had the ill fortune to be an Emperor, that he "should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, "which were so much to his taste." A few days after this, there was an exhibition of fire-works on the Prater. This is a large park, surrounded by the Danube, over which there is a wooden bridge. No carriages are allowed to pass, and there is a narrow path railed off on one side.—A part of the crowd in passing over to the exhibition took this path, and they were so choked up, that they could not proceed. An English gentleman of an immoderate size, who had been at the countess Walstein's when the Emperor expressed himself as above, was labouring under the pressure of the mob in this path as the Emperor passed on the other side.—His Majesty seeing that those of

a ſmall ſize extricated themſelves by crawling under the rail into the broad path, while the fat Engliſhman remained in a diſagreeable poſture, exclaimed to him, " Ah, monſieur, I told you " how unfortunate it was for a man *to be too* " *great.*"

When the Emperor travelled under the title of Count Falkenſtein, to rid himſelf of the incommodious parade of ſovereign etiquette, he made uſe only of common hired coaches.—Being urged at the court of Anſpach to accept of an equipage—" No, no," ſays he, " one ſhould travel only *to* " *ſee*, and not *to be ſeen.*"

When the Emperor was in France, he was ſhewn the monument of the great M. Turenne, which is placed among the tombs of the kings at St. Denis. " He is after his death as he was always in his life," ſaid he, " *in his proper place.*"

He expreſſed his ſurprize at not finding any epitaph on the monument of M. Turenne; and being told by the Abbé who attended, that they had not been able to get one adequate to his merits,—" *You have now made it,*" replied he.

The unhappy diſpute which this country is engaged in with her Colonies, has very naturally been a ſubject of attention to all Europe, and it is obſervable that almoſt to a man they have adopted the cauſe, in argument, of America. The Emperor, when ſome perſon aſked which ſide he favoured, replied very ingenuouſly, " *I am by* " *trade a Loyaliſt.*"

When the King of Pruſſia had a perſonal meeting ſome years ſince with the Emperor, they always dined together, a certain number of their principal officers being with them. One day general Laudohn was going to place himſelf at the foot of the table, when the King, who was at

the

the head, called out to him, " Come, come, " monſieur Laudohn, place yourſelf here—I would " much rather have you *by my ſide*, than *face to* " *face*."

In one of the King of Pruſſia's hours of relaxation, when he enters into ſocial converſation with his particular friends, he ſaid, in a gay humour, to Bathiani—" When you ſhall obtain the tiara, " which your exemplary piety muſt one day pro- " cure you, how will you receive me when I " arrive at Rome to pay my duty to your Holi- " neſs?" " I will immediately give orders," replied the Abbé, with great readineſs, " to intro- " duce the black eagle,—that he may *cover me* " *with his wings*,—but *ſpare his beak*."

The prince of Wales and biſhop of Oſnaburgh being one day at Carlton Houſe, they were ſhewn a very elegant ſett of maps, in which their tutor was inſtructing them.—Among others the map of America was ſhewn them.—The prince of Wales put it aſide with precipitation, ſaying, " *I have* " *nothing to do with America*."

Some time ago, when Admiral Digby's fleet returned to Spithead, an old man meeting the young prince William-Henry, begged a ſhilling, and ſaid he would pray to heaven for him. The prince turned round—" There's a guinea " for you," ſays he, " but keep your prayers to " yourſelf—we ſailors never put our money out " to account."

Mr. Weſt, the painter, told his Majeſty one day, that he had been employed by one of his principal miniſters for what is called in the language of the profeſſion, a *head*:—He had waited on him that morning, and had found him ſo dejected, and with ſo long a face, on account of ſome bad news, that he could not begin. " Sir," ſays his

Majesty, " if that noble lord's *head* cannot keep " up his *countenance*, it is time to employ another " *hand* than yours *to take it off*."

James II. when duke of York, was immoderately fond of women, but it was observed that his mistresses were exceedingly ugly. His brother, the reigning king, was wont to say, " That the " priests provided him with such, *in order to subdue the lusts of the flesh*."

James I. first coined his twenty-two shilling-pieces called Jacobuses, on which his head was crowned.—He afterwards coined his twenty-shilling-pieces, where he wore the *laurel* instead of the *crown*.—Ben Jonson observed on this, that poets always came to poverty—" King James no " sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two " shillings in the pound."

Lewis XII. suffered many hardships, and was forced, through persecution, to quit his country, when he was duke of Orleans, and before he came to the throne. Soon after his coronation, his courtiers told him how he might be revenged on his former enemies. " No," replied the brave prince; " the injuries that were done to the duke " of Orleans ought not to be revenged by the " king of France."

James II. having appointed a nobleman to be lord treasurer when the exchequer was in a very exhausted state, he complained to the king of the irksomeness of the office, as the treasury was so empty.—" Be of good chear, my lord," replied his majesty, " for you will now see the *bottom* of your business at once."

PARLIA-

PARLIAMENTARY BONS MOTS.

A CELEBRATED orator one day, in the warmth of debate, ſpoke ſome words rather diſreſpectful of the government---Mr. George Onſlow called him to order, and ſaid he would not ſit ſilent and hear the ſovereign inſulted.---The gentleman in explanation ſaid, " That though " he reſpected his Majeſty's own perſon, he " ſaw no reaſon for reſpecting *his Majeſty's man-* " *ſervant and his maid-ſervant, his ox and his* " *aſs.*"

When the houſe of commons came to the reſolution that no ſtranger ſhould be admitted without a member, the celebrated George Boden went down to the houſe one day, carrying one hand in his breeches---The door-keeper ſtopping him as he attempted to enter, George dryly told him, " He had a right to be admitted, as he came " *with a member in his hand.*"

When one of the miniſterial party ordered the gallery to be cleared of all gentlemen, in the courſe of the ſeſſion 1778, Governor Johnſtone turned out the ladies, among whom were the ducheſs of D———e, and ſeveral other perſons of quality: " For, d—n me," ſays he, " I have no notion of " making *fiſh* of one and *fleſh* of another."

Some years ago the door-keepers were permitted to take money for admitting ſtrangers to the gallery: one night, on a very important diviſion, when the gallery was to be cleared, a gentleman refuſed to ſtir. He ſwore he had as good a title to remain as nine-tenths, at leaſt, of the members below---*for he had bought his ſeat.*

At the time when the lower houſe were in converſation about the propoſitions which Lord

North intended to lay before them with respect to Ireland, and was calling upon him to give them some hint of what they were; the celebrated Mr. Fox observed, that the house might be assured they would be exactly contrary to his former measures; "for the noble lord was convinced in all "cases that the only chance he had of being right, "was by acting in opposition to himself."

At the conclusion of the last session, when the agents of administration were promoting subscriptions for the maintenance of government in every corner of the kingdom, it was observed in parliament, that the bench of bishops, though they had been clamorous for war, had not yet given a shilling towards its support. "Oh," says Mr. Wilkes, "they act in charity, as becometh the "profession---*they do not let the left hand know what* "*the right hand gives.*"

Mr. serjeant Popham, when speaker of the house of commons, which had sat long and done nothing, coming one day to queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. speaker, what has *passed* in "the house?" He answered, "May it please your "Majesty, *eleven weeks.*"

At the time when Lord North's ministry by their agents were procuring addresses from the different parts of the kingdom, Sir Thomas Egerton, with others of the government emissaries, applied to a Mr. Hague, an old gentleman as remarkable for the fulness of his purse as for the dryness of his manner. Mr. Hague, after perusing the address with all the scrupulous and wary caution of a tradesman, very demurely pulled off his spectacles, folded up the bundle of loyalty, and returned it to the Knight with this singular and sage reply, "*I believe, young man, that you want a place.*"

Mr. Burke, in the course of debate, one day, was pointedly severe on the hirelings of Ministry. ---He said they saw the minister like the Grecian matron undoing to-day what had been the favourite work of yesterday, and they were equally anxious to support him in every measure.---His very contradictions furnished matter for panegyric, and they seemed to explain, in the words of holy writ---"The minister giveth, and the minister "taketh away---blessed be the name of the mi-"nister."

VOLTAIREANA.

ONE evening at Ferney, the discourse happening to turn on the genius of Shakespeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into tragedy; and gave many instances of the English bard's having offended in that particular, even in his most pathetic plays. A gentleman of the company, who was a great admirer of Shakespeare, observed, by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were *natural (dans la nature* was his expression). "With permission, Sir," replied Voltaire, "my a—— is very natural, and yet I wear breeches."

A person who stammered very much found means to get himself introduced at Ferney. He had no other recommendation than the praises he very liberally bestowed upon himself. When he left the room, Voltaire said he believed him to be an adventurer, an impostor---Madame Denis said, Impostors never stammer. "What!" replies Voltaire, "Did not Moses stammer?"

Voltaire

Voltaire compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is *froth*, the bottom *dregs*, the middle *excellent*.

Freron the journalist, the parson B—— of Paris, had long poured on Voltaire all the torrent of his malignity.---The poet was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them; the gentleman said, "There's a Freron." "What can "that poor animal have done to you," replied the wit, "to deserve such a name?"

Voltaire approved much more of Marmontel's Art of Poetry, than of any poems of that author's composition. Speaking of these he said, "That "Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to "the Holy Land, though he was not allowed to "enter it himself." The same allusion, by the bye, though perhaps Voltaire did not know it, was made by Cowley.

"Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
"The barren wilderness he past;
"Did on the very border stand
"Of the blest promis'd land,
"And from the mountain top of his exalted
"wit
"Saw it himself, and shewed us it."

Voltaire's dislike to the clergy is well known. The conversation happening one day to turn into a topic of abuse on them; one person said, If you substract pride from priests, nothing will remain. "You reckon their gormandizing then "as nothing?" said Voltaire.

Metaphysical writers, he observed, are like minuet-dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitudes, display all their

graces, are in continual motion without advancing a ſtep, and finiſh at the identical point from which they ſet out.

While in England, his ſevere obſervations on the allegory of Sin and Death provoked this epigram from Dr. Young:

" Thou art ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
" Thou'rt Milton's Devil, with his Death, and Sin.

Rouſſeau and Voltaire lived for a time in friendſhip; but the ſtrange abſurdity of the former ſoon put an end to it, as he very ridiculouſly charged Voltaire with being the author of all his perſecutions in Geneva, &c. Rouſſeau ſhewed the other, in the beginning of their acquaintance, a lyric epiſtle addreſſed to Poſterity. " My " friend," ſaid Voltaire, " *this letter will never* " *be delivered according to its direction.*"

While Voltaire was in England ſome years ago, lord Cheſterfield, who was exceedingly fond of his company, and who correſponded with the bard till his death, invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted; but finding the vails he was obliged to give the ſervants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined a ſecond, and even the third invitation. Lord Cheſterfield, meeting Voltaire one day in the Park, preſſed him ſtrongly to come and eat ſoup with him. " Upon my word, my lord," ſays Voltaire, " I cannot afford it." His lordſhip was aſtoniſhed at firſt; but an explanation taking place, he ordered his ſervants, on pain of loſing their places, to refuſe taking vails. This was the firſt example of reforming this evil, which afterwards became general.

When

When Voltaire was on his death-bed, he was visited by M. Bonnet, curate of St. Sulpice, who began with putting his hand on the dying man's head, as he lay in bed; upon which Voltaire raised his own hand to the curate's head, and pushed him away, saying, "I came into the world without a *bonnet*, and will go out without one."

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My lord, I know you are a judge---which are "more beautiful---the English or French ladies?" Upon my word, replied his lordship with his usual presence of mind, *I am no connoisseur in painting!* Some time after this Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield; a lady in company prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engaged his conversation, Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Take care you are not captivated." "My lord," replied the wit, "I seem to "be taken by an English bottom under French "colours."

BONS MOTS *of the late Mr.* FOOTE.

WHEN Foote was at a country election, he interested himself in favour of a candidate in opposition to Sir Watkin Williams W---, who was espoused by a lady of considerable rank. Foote being rebuked by her ladyship, and seeming to be affected with contrition, said, "I beg your "ladyship's pardon, and am convinced of my er-

"ror,

" ror, for Sir Watkin is the beſt qualified of any " man I know for repreſenting a county in Wales, " as he is very *mountainous*, and extremely bar- " ren."

When G----k was at Brighthelmſtone, he ſent Sir John M-lls to get him a lodging. Foote meeting him, and being informed of his errand, told him he might get David a lodging, but as to a kitchen, that would be quite ſuperfluous, as he never dreſſed any victuals at home.

When Foote was in very diſtreſſed circumſtances, he was applied to by a bookſeller to write " A Syſtem of Cookery." Egad," ſaid Sam, " you are miſtaken, I know nothing about eat- " ing in theory; but as to practice, I think I " could back myſelf even againſt Handel."

About this time Foote was one night at the Bedford coffee-houſe, when Frank Delaval joked him about wearing boots. " Egad," ſaid Foote, " I " would convince you any where elſe, that they " are very far from being ſuperfluous."

Foote having loſt a conſiderable ſum at Tom's coffee-houſe, was reprehended by his particular friend, Mr. G--h--n, for his indiſcretion, inſinuating that he had not loſt his money fairly. A few nights after, Mr. G--h--n loſt a much larger ſum to the ſame ſet. It was Sam's turn now to triumph. " I preſume, Mr. G--h--n, you loſt " your money very fairly, though you cut in " with ſome of the moſt notorious ſharpers about " town---but there is nothing like being in the " ſecret."

Sir Richard Atkins (who was by Foote called the Waggoner's Whip, on account of his being very tall, very thin, and ſtooping very much) when he kept Fanny M——y, was publicly known to be a very great dupe to her. Frank Delaval

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and Foote being over a bottle, the ſubject turned upon Sir Richard's weakneſs in being ſuch a dupe to a woman.---" Oh," ſaid Foote, " there is " nothing ſurprizing in it; he is not indeed a " ſupple-jack, but you know he is a very *ſupple* " *Dick*."

When Nancy Parſons quitted the duke of G----, deſerted P-nt-n, and went abroad with Lord M———, a gentleman at the St. James's coffee-houſe could not help obſerving what an abandoned devil ſhe muſt be. " Oh," ſaid Foote, " there " is nothing in it, you know ſhe has the benefit " of the clergy on her ſide."

When Miſs Chudleigh appeared at the maſquerade at Ranelagh in the character of Iphigenia, almoſt in a complete ſtate of *nudity*, Foote complimented her upon being the moſt perfect living *Venus de Medicis* he had ever ſeen in public; upon which ſhe turned upon her heel, and ſaid he was the moſt impudent wretch upon earth. " Had " I," he replied, " appeared here quite naked, con- " ſidering the difference of our ſexes, we ſhould " ſcarce be upon a par in point of impudence."

When Foote heard that K----y had in a pet deſtroyed all his muſic, and declared he would never write or play a note again as long as he lived, Foote ſaid, " His lordſhip is quite right, there is more " harmony in the box and dice than in all the can- " tatas and overtures in the univerſe."

Upon Sam's hearing that Mr. W-de, the maſter of the ceremonies, had abdicated his throne, on being detected in an intrigue, he laughed heartily, ſaying, " He is unfit for that office, ſince he is ſo " baſhful as to be aſhamed of an amour, which is " looked upon by all men of the *ton* as ſecuring a " reputation for fine fellows, and the ſtrongeſt " recommendation to the ladies."

A cer-

A certain Black-legs, famous for cogging a die, being juſt returned from Newmarket, ſaid there had been great ſport. "What then," ſaid Foote, "I ſuppoſe you were detected, and kicked out of "the hazard-room!"

Foote's moſt predominant paſſion was the purchaſing of nick-nacks. He generally went once a week to Deard's to recruit his cabinet. Lord T--------d coming in one day whilſt he and Mrs. Jewell were there, his lordſhip ſaid, "'Faith, "Foote, you muſt have the greateſt collection of "trinkets of any man in Europe; I never come "this way but I ſee your carriage at the door." --"Yes, my lord, (pointing to the lady) you ſee "I am quite in the jewel way."

Mr. C—lm—n having ſome diſputes with Mr. Yates in Foote's preſence, the latter ſaid to the former, "You inſignificant being, for three farthings I would put you in my pocket." "Would you? cried Foote: Then you would have more wit in your *pocket* than ever you had in your head."

Doctor L-ſ-n being one night, after he had been at Foote's theatre, at the Bedford coffee-houſe, was ſo ignorant of his own portrait, that he ſeriouſly aſked Foote who was the doctor he had handled ſo ſeverely. "Don't you know?" replied Foote: "he comes here very often, much "reſembles you, and always has his ſtockings "about his heels."

The late Mr. Ap---ce, who was a very ſingular man, told Foote one day at dinner, that the miniſtry had quite overlooked him, and that he thought if Foote would bring him upon the ſtage, he was ſure Government would certainly take notice of him. Upon this hint Foote wrote the Author, and Ap--ce was ſo much reſolved that his own character ſhould be known in that of Cad-

wallader, that he lent the mimic a ſuit of cloaths he had been very conſpicuous in at court. Somebody hinted that Foote did not uſe his friend well, thus to expoſe him. " You are quite miſtaken, " replied the wit ; I do it at his own requeſt, in " order to make his fortune."

When Lovejoy broke out, ſoon after the conflagration at Bradley's, Foote was aſked what he thought of this trafficker in bliſs? Foote replied, " he imagined that Lovejoy would ſoon be burnt " out, though in a different way." " How ſo?" ſaid captain D------. " Why, with burnt Cham- " paign and brimſtone."

No man was more afraid of Foote than Jack Harris, that well-known pimp under the Roſe. He applied to Sam, and intreated him for God's ſake, not to bring him on the ſtage, and reminded the wit of his paſt ſervices. " That you are an excellent " pandar in a certain line, I allow ; but you may " make yourſelf eaſy ; I have higher game in " view—pimps, paraſites, and pandars in the moſt " elevated ranks ; from the bench of b------s " down to the t-----y bench."

When Foote heard of Tenducci's marriage, he ſaid his wife muſt be very fond of a man, when ſhe would marry the repreſentative only of one. And when it was reported that ſhe was pregnant--- " Well," ſaid Sam, " that fellow is in great luck " to get journeymen ſo eaſily, when even the " taylors, who are but the ninth parts of men, " will not work for legal wages."

Being aſked his opinion of lord Cheſterfield's Letters, Foote replied, " They comprized a fine- " drawn ſyſtem of duplicity, deception, and adultery: " That tho' his lordſhip ſeems to have ſtudied the " Graces with great attention, yet he had entire- " ly forgot that they never appear ſo beautiful as

" when

" when accompanied by Virtue; that if the Graces " ſhould be found in a brothel, they would loſe " all their attractions; and that in the hot-bed of " adultery they would be ſcorched to deformity."

When Foote read David Hume's pamphlet concerning Rouſſeau, and came to the tender ſcene where they cry and ſob in one another's lap, he exclaimed, " Here is a new ſect eſtabliſhed of the " crying philoſophers! It will be in its greateſt " perfection in infancy, and in dotage it may ſit " pretty eaſily; but in perfect manhood, in the " vigour of life, it is a ſyſtem that never will be " adopted but by Fribbles and Macaronies."

Upon ſeeing Nan C-tl-y in Comus, he ſaid, " She was finely bronzed for the character, but " it was a pity the managers had not put her in " a part which by nature ſhe was cut out for—— " Moll Brazen in the Beggar's Opera."

Mr. D———k of famous memory, being once at a coffee-houſe with Dr. Smollet our humouriſt, and Sir John Fielding, was obſerved to go frequently to the neceſſary, which in fact was only to get an opportunity (in the univerſity phraſe) of coaxing his ſtockings. The Dr. obſerving, that he ſeemed to have a purging on him—" No, faith, Sir, ſays Derrick, the *looſeneſs* is only about my heels." " I thought ſo (replied Foote), for indeed your feet ſmell confoundedly." To make amends for this joke, however, the doctor and Foote preſented him with two pieces to get his wardrobe into better order.

Foote meeting with an old acquaintance who had long been a limb of the law, and who had often through the crevices of his cloaths ſhewn his nakedneſs, in a decent ſuit of mourning in the month of November, aſked Latitat if he could congratulate him upon any lucky

windfall, pointing to his ſables.--- "No," replied Latitat, "you know it is Term-time." "Faith, that is true, ſaid Foote: it has been a "long vacation for your taylor."

The late k--- one afternoon at his coffee, aſked the counteſs of Y------th, "What be dat "Footee, dat makes ſo much noiſe in de Hay-"market?" "Oh, Sir," replied the lady, "he is a mimic." "A mimique! we have no mi-"mique in Germany; we have, indeed, des buf-"fons. Juſt as the converſation had gone ſo far upon the ſubject, the clock ſtruck five, when, as uſual, they retired to take an afternoon's nap. This being told circumſtantially to Foote by the page in waiting, he inſtantly ſaid, "The coun-"teſs is undoubtedly the greateſt mimic in Eu-"rope, for ſhe can take the k--- off whenever ſhe "pleaſes."

When Foote heard that F---d, the clerk of the Arraigns, had brought off Lookup, who was indicted for perjury, by a flaw in the indictment, Sam ſaid to him, whilſt playing a game at whiſt, "By G-d, F-rd, you can do any thing, after "bringing off Lookup! I do not wonder you hold "thirteen trumps in your own hand; the leaſt he "could do was to teach you the *long ſhuffle*, for "your trouble and ſervices.

Foote never could loſe an opportunity of being ſmart, let it be at whoſe expence it might, or upon ever ſo melancholy an occaſion. The late unfortunate Dr. D. belonging to a whiſt club of which Foote was member, the Doctor had had a great run of ill luck, and was, in the gameſter's phraſeology, *tied-up*; that is, he received a guinea to pay twenty, if ever he played again for above a guinea. On the day of the Doctor's execution, a gentleman called upon Foote, who had been to ſee

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the Doctor go to the fatal tripod. "I have been," ſaid the gentleman, "to ſee the unfortunate Doctor "meet his doom; I ſuppoſe he is launched into "eternity by this time." "How ſo! ſays Foote, "you know he was *tied-up* long ago."

Foote being at a private concert, where lord Sandwich played the kettle-drums, he was aſked by one of the connoſcenti what he thought of his lordſhip's performance? "Why, ſaid the wag, I "think he would do finely to beat up for recruits "for the marine ſervice; and this would be a "greater proof than he ever gave before of his "ſkill in nautical affairs."

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foote never failed to chaſtiſe every Scotchman, who at any time in his company choſe to ride his national hobby-horſe. On one of theſe occaſions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great ſagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to puniſh him by relating the following ſtory. "A ſhip being in diſtreſs at ſea (ſaid the wit), the compaſs was by ſome accident thrown down, and daſhed to pieces. This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to ſteer without it, nor did he underſtand how to make one. A Scotch ſailor, taking notice of his anxiety, ſaid, "Sir, donna ye know how to make a compaſs?" "No (replied the captain) I wiſh I did." "Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) the muckle de'el gar me, but I'ſe ſhew ye how to make one, if you'll gi' me a ſheet of writing-paper." A ſheet of writing-paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his ſhirt, drew forth a louſe, and placed it gently on the paper. "Now

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ken ye well, captain, (ſaid he) and obſerve ye, that a Scotch louſe always travels ſouthward; ſo that if ye mind the courſe of this louſe upon the paper, ye may eaſily find whereabout the north is, and make your compaſs accordingly."

Another ſtory our Engliſh Ariſtophanes uſed to be fond of relating, was concerning a gentleman, named Brown, who had a large eſtate, and kept a great number of negroes in the iſland of Barbadoes. Mr. Brown having miſſed a conſiderable ſum of money, had great reaſon to think that ſome of his negro ſlaves had ſtolen it, and in order to detect the thief, tried the following experiment. Having ſummoned all the negro ſlaves to attend him in a large hall, he thus harangued them: "I have been informed in a viſion by the great ſerpent, whom you adore, that the thief who ſtole my money is one of you; and he moreover told me, that the very man ſhould at this preſent moment have a large feather out of a parrot's tail hanging at the tip of his noſe." Mr. Brown had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt by ſuddenly clapping his hand up to his noſe, to feel for the feather, and exhibiting the utmoſt ſymptoms of fear. On ſeeing this, Mr. Brown ſuddenly ſeized hold of the fellow, and charged him home with the theft: the poor fellow being greatly terrified, and thinking that his deity, the great ſerpent, had betrayed him to his maſter, very readily confeſſed the fact, and reſtored the money. Mr. Brown, however, acted with more lenity on this occaſion than is uſual, when offences of ſuch a kind have been committed by negro ſlaves; for after the reſtoration of the money, he freely forgave him, thinking the fright he had put him into a ſufficient puniſhment for his perfidy.

Some

Some years ago Mr. Foote dined at the Caſtle at Salt-Hill. When Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and aſked him his name—" Partridge, an' pleaſe you," replied the hoſt—" Partridge!" reſumed Foote, " it ſhould be *Woodcock*, by the length of your *bill*."

Foote being aſked, what he thought of Sir B. Keith's appointment to the government of Jamaica? replied, " What do I think?—I think that the Iriſh *take us all in*, and the Scots *turn us all out*."

A Gentleman aſking Foote, ſoon after the affair of crim. con. between the D—ke of C———d and lady G——v——r, what he thought of the verdict? " Why," ſays the wit, I think his r———l h———ſs rather wrong in the amour; but, d—n me, I think theſe *twelve appraiſers have conſiderably overvalued his paſtime*."

When Mr. Foote was told of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage, he ſaid, " I am glad to hear of it, and hope it will be the laſt fooliſh thing he will do."

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he uſually did; the duke of C———d, who was preſent, and ſeemed highly entertained, cried out, " Well, Foote, you ſee I ſwallow all your good things." " Do you, my Lord Duke?" ſays the other; " why then I congratulate you on your digeſtion, for, by G—d, I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

Mr. Foote lying in bed late in conſequence of his ſitting up to late hours, a friend once obſerved to him, that ſuch a conduct would ſhorten his days. " Very true (ſaid Foote), but as it lengthens my nights, that will be much the ſame thing in the end."

Foote meeting his old acquaintance Major B——, at Bath, one ſeaſon, (a character well known

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in the annals of gaming) came up to him, and asked him with great cordiality, how he did? "Ah! Foote," says the other, "I have had a terrible accident since I saw you last; no less than the *loss* of an eye." "My dear fellow," says the wit, "I am heartily sorry for it: pray at *what game?*"

Baron B———, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs-room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asking what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Foote being engaged to a rout of Lady Harrington's, found the Ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Foote," says her Ladyship, "*you* must not be kept standing, take a chair." "You are very obliging, my Lady," says the wit; "but there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."

The same humourous wit sitting at table next to a Gentleman who had help'd himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had eaten two or three mouthfuls, takes up his piece of bread, with an intent to cut a slice off it. "Sir," said the Gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, Sir," replied Foote, "*I protest I took it for the loaf.*"

BONS MOTS

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

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Foote happening to spend the evening with two dignitaries of the church, the conversation insensibly

bly happened to ſettle on ſome part of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds, with great force of argument and obſervation. Foote during this while took no other ſhare in the debate than in recruiting their ſpirits by conſtantly keeping their glaſſes filled: at laſt, one of them turned about, and begged that as he could be at times as argumentative as witty, he would ſtep in as an arbitrator of their differences. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," ſays Foote, very gravely; "but I have always made it a rule never to trouble my head about *family affairs*.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the firſt regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purſe to pay his reckoning, aſked the latter, "What he ſhould do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pſhaw, it's worth nothing," ſays Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well David," ſays the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving *to make a guinea go further* than any other man."

At the time of the Jubilee in honour of Shakeſpeare, planned and conducted by Mr. Garrick, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad; particularly the day appointed for the public proceſſion, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be diſpenſed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day in the public breakfaſting-room, juſt in the moment of a very heavy ſhower of rain, "Well, Sam," ſays he, rather diſappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," ſays Foote: "Why, I think, it is *God's revenge againſt Vanity.*"

The ſame wit being aſked his opinion of the Stratford Jubilee, replied, "A jubilee is a pub-

lic invitation, urged by puffing, to go poſt without horſes to an obſcure borough without repreſentatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magiſtrates, to celebrate a great poet, whoſe own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry; muſic without melody; a dinner without victuals; lodgings without beds; a croud without company; a maſquerade where half the people appeared bareſaced; a horſe-race up to the knees in water; fireworks extinguiſhed as ſoon as they were lighted; and a boarded booth, by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days, and ſold by public auction."

When Foote firſt heard of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the ſhock of loſing ſo intimate a friend had ſuch an effect on his ſpirits, that he burſt into tears, retired to his room, and ſaw no company for two days: the third day Jewell, his treaſurer, calling on him, he aſked him with ſwoln eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the ſurgeons are firſt to diſſect his *head*." This laſt word recovered the wit's fancy, who repeating it with ſome ſurprize, aſked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am ſure," ſays he, "I have known poor Frank theſe five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

The late comedian Mr. Holland (whoſe father was a baker) at his death appointed Mr. Foote one of his pall-bearers, being alſo his executor. The burying-place of the family was Batterſea; where Mr. Foote having attended, to diſcharge the laſt duty to his friend, return'd to town, and willing to get rid of his grief (for he had a real affection for Holland) went to the Bedford coffee-houſe in queſt of ſome friends. The buſineſs he

had

had been upon being well known, one of the company addressed him with, "Well, Sir, you have just been paying the last kind office to your friend?" To which Foote replied (tho' his uneasiness was very visible) *Yes, poor boy, I have just been lending a hand to shove him into the family-oven.*

When Mr. Foote was last at Paris, in the course of an evening's conversation with some English gentlemen, the subject turn'd on Mr. Garrick's acting; when some of the company expressed their fears of that great performer's relinquishing the stage. *Make yourselves easy on that head*, replied the wit, *for he'd play Richard before a kitchen-fire in the Dog-days, provided he was sure of getting a sop in the pan.*

Mr. Foote first introduced Mr. B—dd—y, who was originally bred a cook, upon the stage; and engaged him to perform at the Hay-market during one of his seasons, at a certain stipulated salary. Mr. B—dd—y, however, not liking the parts assigned him by his manager, refused to play, and yet at the end of the season asked for his salary; which Mr. Foote refused to pay, as the terms of their engagement had not been performed. Mr. B——in consequence procured a writ to be served on Mr. Foote, who, when it was presented to him, exclaimed, "An ungrateful fellow!"—"Ungrateful," returns the bailiff, "how!"—"Why," returned the manager, "is not he ungrateful in thus rewarding me for *taking the spit out of his hand, and putting it by his side?*"

The Mrs. *Reddish* that was *Miss Hart*, (for the gentleman from whom she takes her name, has had so many *female connexions*, it is impossible to distinguish them but by their original names) playing the Queen in Richard, one night, at Drury-

Lane theatre, and being rather of a coarſe, maſculine make, a gentleman aſked Foote, who ſat next him, who ſhe was? Being told her name was Reddiſh. "Reddiſh! Reddiſh!" ſays the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, Sir," ſays the wit, "*Horſe Reddiſh.*"

When Foote heard that Powell the actor had ſet up his chariot, he ſaid he was a very unnatural ſon, or he would certainly have hired his father for a coachman*.

When Foote heard that doctor Kenrick was going to give a public criticiſm on his comedy of The Cozeners, at Marybone, "Well," ſays he, "let the doctor take care of the fate of our firſt parents; *a fall in the Garden.*"

When the celebrated doctor Taylor firſt ſet up his coach, he conſulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" ſays the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," ſays Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—Quack—Quack.*"

About three years ago, Foote went to ſpend his Chriſtmas with the late C—— B———n, Eſq. when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occaſioned by the ſcarcity of wood in the houſe, Foote was determined to make his viſit as ſhort as poſſible; accordingly on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaiſe, and was preparing to ſet out for town. Mr. B——n ſeeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and preſſed him to ſtay. "No, no," ſays Foote, "was I to ſtay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to ſtand on.*"

* It ſeems Mr. Powell's father was originally of this profeſſion.

"Why,

"Why ſure," ſays Mr. B——n, "we do not drink ſo *much*." "No," ſays the wit, "but there is ſo *little* wood in your houſe, that, by God, I am afraid one of your ſervants may light the fires ſome morning with *my right leg*."

CHESTERFIELDANA.

SOON after the late lord Cheſterfield was made a privy-counſellor, a place of great truſt became vacant, to which his late majeſty and the duke of Dorſet recommended two very different perſons. His m——y eſpouſed the intereſt of his friend with ſome heat, and upon leaving the council-chamber told them, "he expected to be obeyed." However, the place being an object of conſequence, on a debate it was carried againſt the k—g. It fell to lord Cheſterfield's lot to carry the inſtrument to be ſigned, who knowing the paſſionate diſpoſition of his m———y, prudently forbore aſking him to ſign the inſtrument; but very ſubmiſſively demanded whoſe name he would be pleaſed to have inſerted in the blanks. The king, being privately acquainted with their deliberations, paſſionately replied, "The devil, Sir, if you will." "Very well," replied his lordſhip; "but would your m———y have the inſtrument run in the uſual ſtile, *To our truſty well-beloved friend and counſellor the devil?*"

The late queen having ſome diſtant notion of encloſing St. James's-Park *entirely for the uſe of the royal family*, conſulted lord Cheſterfield about the expences: his lordſhip, ſtartled at the propoſal at firſt, waved his opinion; but at length being

being preſſed to it, he replied, " Why, then, madam, I think it may come to about *three crowns.*"

It was wittily remarked by lord Cheſterfield, that whenever our Court demanded from that of France a *categorical*, they generally received an *allegorical*, anſwer.

It being ask'd, in company with lord Cheſterfield, whether the piers of Weſtminſter-bri ge would be of ſtone or wood: *Oh!* ſaid my lord, *of ſtone, to be ſure—for we have too many wooden piers (peers) already at Weſtminſter.*

Lord Cheſterfield chanc'd one day to be at the d— of N—le's levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to that Nobleman, happen'd to lie in the window. Before his Grace made his appearance, his lordſhip had time enough to amuſe himſelf with the book; and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it. *Well, my Lord*, ſaid his grace, *what is your opinion of that book? In any other place, I ſhould not think much of it*, reply'd his lordſhip; *but being in your grace's levee, I think it one of the beſt books in the world.*

Lord Cheſterfield and another gentleman paying a morning viſit together, juſt as the latter had ſtept out of the carriage, a great lamp which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and miſſed the gentleman only by about half an inch. " Good G—d, my lord," ſays he, much ſurprized, " I was near being *gone.*" " Why, yes," ſays my lord, very coolly, " but there would have been one comfort attending ſuch an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Naſh, placed a full-length ſtatue of him in the pump-room, between the buſts of Newton and Pope;

Pope; upon which occaſion the earl of Cheſterfield wrote the following ſevere and witty epigram:

Immortal Newton never ſpoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himſelf e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd the buſts between,
Adds to the Satire ſtrength;
Wiſdom and Wit are little ſeen,
But Folly at full length.

His Lordſhip had a moſt unconquerable paſſion for gaming; yet always choſe rather to play with gamblers than with gentlemen. Being aſked his reaſon for this ſingular taſte, he replied, "When "I play with ſharpers, and am ſucceſsful, I am "ſure of being paid—but if I play with gentle-"men, they generally acknowledge the debt, but "ſeldom diſcharge it."

An anecdote is related of him, when once at Bath, which proves he was conſcious of his own weakneſs in this reſpect. The famous or infamous Charles Jones (who was afterwards maſter of the ceremonies at Tunbridge, and who is ſaid to have borrowed ten thouſand pounds in half-crowns) meeting his lordſhip in the walks, addreſſed him in his uſual ſtile for the loan of a guinea. His lordſhip had too much generoſity to refuſe any one he had ever ſpoke to ſuch a trifle. In a few minutes his lordſhip went into the billiard-room, and here he found Charles. Being deſirous of playing a game, he aſked the marker to give him a leſſon, when Charles modeſtly offered to amuſe his patron. "You know, Charles, I do not like "playing for nothing, if I play with a gentle-

"man."

"man." By this time ſome of the group of adventurers had aſſembled, when Charles pulling out the guinea he had juſt borrowed, and throwing it into one of the nets, ſaid, "Well my lord, I'll "play with you for a guinea." His lordſhip did not chooſe to expoſe him, and anſwered the bett. Charles was a ſuperior player, and won ſeveral games. The black-legs ſeeing ſo good a thing going on, were deſirous of ſharing the ſpoils, and offered ſeveral betts, ſome of which his lordſhip took. Charles (who poſſeſſed a negative kind of gratitude, or rather being influenced by ſelf-intereſt, and deſirous of winning all that could be got) now threw down his ſtick, ſaying, that he would not let his lordſhip loſe his money in that manner, as he had the beſt of the match. Upon which his lordſhip very coolly replied, "Theſe gentlemen do me the honour to accompany me wherever I go, and the leaſt I can do is to ſupport my attendants."

His lordſhip had for a conſiderable time a ſtanding piquet match at the rooms with baron Nieuman, who at that period dreſſed very pompouſly; when a nobleman of his lordſhip's acquaintance hinted, that the baron had, in many reſpects, the advantage. "Let him have his pulls," ſaid his lordſhip, "I have my pulls too: pull baker, pull devil; the baron's always good for fifty, he will at any time *burn* for that!"

His lordſhip, when he heard lord G———r had recovered ten thouſand pounds damages, ſaid, *Fœnum habet in cornu*; from which hint we may ſtile the cuckold's horn a *Cornu-copia* for the future.

The celebrated Miſs C———h, complaining of the ill-nature of the Town, ſaid to lord C——d, that occaſion had been taken, from a late

late illneſs of her's, to ſpread a report that ſhe had been brought to bed of *two* children. His lordſhip adviſed her to be eaſy under ſuch circumſtances; adding, *that, for his part, he had long made it a rule, not to believe more than half what the Town ſaid.*

A little after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late earl of Cheſterfield, his lady (whom Fame had taken ſome liberties with before) married captain C———, of a marching regiment, who had little beſides his commiſſion for his ſupport. When lord Cheſterfield was firſt told of this circumſtance, two or three of the family preſent were arraigning the very great *imprudence* of the match. "Not at all," ſays his lordſhip; "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; ſhe married for a *cloak*, and he for *a coat.*"

A nobleman meeting the late lord Cheſterfield at a levée one morning, was aſking him when lady Coventry was at court? "How could you aſk ſuch a queſtion, my lord," ſays Cheſterfield, "when no one has ſeen *her face* here theſe ten years?"

A certain lady of quality, who is more remarkable for being raiſed from an obſcure rank by a noble marriage, than by any perſonal accompliſhments, which ſometimes produce ſuch good fortune, happened to be at court when the Spaniſh ambaſſador made his appearance with very great ſplendor. Among other things which drew the attention, the richneſs of the laces were particularly noticed. On the return of this new-made lady of quality to her lord's houſe, ſhe met with the celebrated Lord Cheſterfield, to whom ſhe related the ſplendor of the foreign miniſter, and dwelt particularly on the richneſs of the laces. "Pray, my lady,"

lady," said his lordship, "what kind of lace was it?" "Really, my lord, I forget the name, but I should know it if you mentioned it." "Was it then *point d'Espagne?*"—"No, it was not that." "Was it *point de Brusselles?*" "No, no; not that." "Oh," said the witty Earl, "I know now what it was, it was *point de tout.*" "You are very right," replied the lady, "that was the name of the lace."

His lordship's surgeons imagining, in his last illness, that his lordship had a *stone* in his bladder, probed him several times without any effect. "Ah!" says, my lord, who was always of a contrary opinion to the Faculty, "I judged it would, at last, turn out the *philosopher's-stone.*

When he was given to understand that he would die by inches, he replied with a smile, "If that is the case, *I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*"

A few days before his lordship's death, as he was taking an airing in Hyde-park, in an old coach and six black horses, a nobleman went to the side of his carriage, and enquired his health.—I am but very indifferent (cried he), and as I shall live but a few days longer—*I am now rehearsing my own funeral.*

A few hours before his lordship died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the Thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words arising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. "Ay," says his lordship, "I am not surprized at that;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a striking beauty.*"

A lady of fashion, very young, very giddy, and just married, walking with Lord Chesterfield, asked his lordship, if she did not look very young? "Indeed, my lady," says he, "you look as if you were just come from boarding-school, and fit to return again."

As Lord L—— was one day lamenting to his lordship the misconduct of his son, the latter advised a place at Court as one method which, perhaps, might cause an amendment. The father replied, he was not steady enough. "Yes, yes (said his lordship)—he is steady enough to be *Master of the Revels*."

JOHNSONIANA.

UPON the publication of lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works by David Mallet, Dr. Johnson was asked his opinion of the author and publisher. "Why, Sir," says Johnson, "I look upon them both to be a couple of atheistical highwaymen: my lord for loading the piece up to the muzzle against the peace and happiness of society; and Mallet for drawing the trigger."

Some years ago the doctor being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation; Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them

now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

The above wits at another time having a conversation about national learning, Foote observed, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. "Oh! Sir," says Johnson, "you are very much mistaken upon that point: I grant you, they have all a *mouthful* of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*."

When the doctor was first patronized by lord Chesterfield, (which was at his lordship's particular request) the doctor called on him one morning; and being shewn into an anti-chamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his lordship's paying a preference to other company, the doctor was left waiting there for two hours without his lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, a noble lord met the doctor in Dodsley's shop; who beginning the conversation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been so *serviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as lord Chesterfield was. "Serviceable to me, my lord!" says Johnson; "in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the world of literature—and just as I was getting into the chops of the Channel, his lordship sends out two *little cockboats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into the harbour. No, no, my lord Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongst wits* *."

* This retort his lordship could never forgive, and in all probability occasioned the caricatura he afterwards gave doctor Johnson in one of his letters to his son.

When Mr. Macpherſon's Homer came out, (a book univerſally decried for a bombaſtical, affected ſtyle) a lady remarked one evening in a large company to doctor Johnſon, that ſhe had been endeavouring to read it, but the ſtyle appeared ſo *old*, ſhe could not go through it with any ſatisfaction. "You are perfectly right, madam," ſays Johnſon; "it is as *old* as the *building of Babel*."

When doctor Johnſon was laſt in Scotland, amongſt other curioſities ſhewn him, he was taken to a very antient and high caſtle, which was reckoned to command the moſt extenſive view of any in the country. "Well, Sir," ſays his guide, "what do you think of this proſpect?" "It is the fineſt in all Scotland," ſays the doctor, "for I can here ſee *the road to England*."

When the doctor was in Scotland, he was waited upon at Edinburgh by the celebrated doctor Robertſon, author of the Hiſtory of Scotland, Charles the Vth, &c. In the courſe of his enquiries of Johnſon, what he had ſeen in the town, the doctor aſked him, whether he had been at the *kirk*; and if not, that he would accompany him there the next day. "With all my heart, doctor," ſays Johnſon, "I ſhould like to ſee the *kirk*, becauſe it *was once a church*."

A gentleman once aſked doctor Johnſon, "What was his real opinion of Macklin, for I hear," ſays he, "he is very clever." "What, Macklin clever!" ſays the doctor. "No, no, Sir; the fellow is *a conſtant renovation of hope*, with an *eternal diſappointment*."

When lord Cheſterfield's letters to his ſon firſt came out, a gentleman was aſking doctor Johnſon, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world! "O, yes, Sir," ſays Johnſon, "very

much ſo; they inculcate the *morals* of a *wh—re*, and the *manners* of a *dancing-maſter*."

Some time after the publication of Oſſian, doctor Blair, who wrote notes on that celebrated *equivocal* performance, after highly applauding it before doctor Johnſon, aſked him, whether he thought there was any man living could write ſuch another Epic poem? "O yes, Sir," ſays Johnſon; *many men*, *many women*, and *many children*."

Being aſked his real opinion of the writings of Mr. Hoole, (author of Cyrus, Cleonice, &c.) he replied, "They were ſuch as a wiſe man ſhould be aſhamed to remember."

A well-known literary character being introduced to him, the doctor was ſome time after aſked by a mutual friend how he liked him: "I proteſt, Sir," ſays Johnſon, "the man ſeems to be a mighty good ſort of man; but as to his being a man of letters, I believe he has *written* more than he has *read*, and underſtands leſs than *either*."

A great perſonage meeting doctor Johnſon in the Queen's-Library, and being informed who he was, very condeſcendingly went up to him, and enquired after his health. In the courſe of ſome converſation his m———y aſked, "Why he had not written more?" "Why, Sire," ſays Johnſon, "I do not know; I think I have written enough." "Why, ſo ſhould I too, doctor," replied his m———y, "if you had *not written ſo well*.

BONS MOTS
By Mr. QUIN.

QUin dined in the country with a certain great d—ke, who made an apology for treating his gueſts only with port wine, becauſe his butler had

loſt the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to ſhew them an Oſtrich; and, among other ſtrange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digeſt iron. "Then, my lord, ſays Quin, I ſuppoſe it was he that *ſwallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*"

Quin having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of averſion to a good repaſt, he accordingly waited upon his Lordſhip: but found the regale far from anſwering his expectation. Upon his taking leave, the ſervants, who were very numerous, had ranged themſelves in the hall: Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large ſum, aſked, "Which was the cook;" who readily anſwered, "Me, ſir." He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he ſaid to the firſt, *Here's half a crown for my eating*; and to the other, *Here's five ſhillings for my wine*; *but, by G—d, gentlemen, I never made ſo bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

Quin was, ſome time after, met by the ſame nobleman behind the ſcenes, who aſked him, "Why he did not come and eat ſoup with him?" —"By G—d, my Lord, ſaid Quin, I am aſhamed to come, ſince I find your Lordſhip keeps a *cook's-ſhop.*" His lordſhip aſked an explanation; when he told the nobleman, "His was the deareſt and worſt *ordinary* in London; for a man paid for his dinner *literally*, and very exorbitantly, at his Lordſhip's houſe." Quin was told by his Lordſhip, that this ſhould be rectified for the future, and that he ſhould lay ſevere injunctions upon his ſervants to take no vails. Upon this promiſe Quin was prevailed upon to return; but having failed to pay for his dinner, as uſual, the next time he came he

had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finiſhed, he addreſſed himſelf to the company, in puſhing round a plate with half a crown upon it, *I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.*

Quin one day after a pretty long walk dropt into a chop-houſe not far from Somerſet-houſe, and aſking the miſtreſs what ſhe had ready, ſhe replied, "that there was ſome nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot." "Well then, ſaid he, let me have ſome *daubed* veal, I think you call it." A plate was accordingly brought him, which he preſently diſpatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and ſixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh three quarters of a pound. Upon inquiring what was to pay, the miſtreſs told him twelve ſhillings. "By G—d, madam, it muſt be a miſtake; how do you ſell your veal a pound?" "Sir, ſhe replied, rather pertly, we don't ſell it by the pound."—"No, ſaid he, I find you don't; but, by G—d, you ſell it at *half a crown an ounce.*"

A certain vain, ſupercilious man of faſhion, who went conſtantly to Bath once a year, told Quin one day very ſeriouſly, "I do believe, ſays he, I am one or other the moſt facetious fellow in the world, for I never go into any company but I ſet them all a laughing. "Are you ſure, ſaid Quin, that they don't laugh at you, inſtead of your wit?" "I don't care if they do, ſaid he; for I am pretty certain there is no man laughs at me, but I laugh at him again." "Then, ſaid Quin, you lead the merrieſt life of any man in Europe."

Quin,

Quin, upon his firſt coming to Bath, found himſelf very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and waſhing; at the end of the firſt week, he took Naſh aſide, who had invited him down, as being the cheapeſt place in England for a man of taſte and a *bon vivant*. The maſter of the ceremonies, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin reliſhed a pun as well as himſelf, replied, "They have acted by you upon truly chriſtian principles." "How ſo?" ſays Quin. "Why, reſumed Naſh, you was a *ſtranger*, and they *took you in*."—"Ay but, ſaid Quin, they have *fleeced* me inſtead of *cloathing* me."

Quin being at Briſtol feaſt, where the company was all extolling the *ham*, an alderman, who had cut pretty deep in it, was obſerving, "that for his part, he ſaw no reaſon why the Briſtol hams ſhould not be as valuable as the Weſtphalia; our *hogs* are every way as good, and we feed them as well," ſays he. "Aye, but, Sir," ſays Quin, "conſider, it would be *murder* to *kill them*."

Quin was one morning in Hyde Park, when L—d A——— came trotting through in a manner as if he had never learnt the manege. *By G—d*, ſaid Quin, *his lord—p is quite out of his element—he looks as if he were rolling upon a rough ſea.—He might ſave a deal of money, and have much better exerciſe, by hiring a porter at half a crown a morning to bump his a—e.*

Quin and orator Henley had once a long diſſertation upon learning, poetry, and the like; when the orator wound up the argument by ſaying, "The muſes were a parcel of ſcientific brimſtones, ten times worſe than Covent-garden bunters, and that there was nothing to be got by them but an intellectual gonorrhea, ten times more inveterate than a corporeal one." "Yes, added Quin, there

is

is—What do you think of the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, far more incurable than the Scotch fiddle?"—"*D—n ſuch b—hes, then*, ſaid the orator, by *whom you get both a cl—p and the itch at once.*"

When Quin was aſked his opinion of Triſtram Shandy, he anſwered, "He thought him a very bawdy prieſt, who, with all his *ſtars*, was ſtill a very *obſcure writer.*"

An actreſs belonging to Drury-lane theatre, ſomewhat vain of her ſinging, was tuning her pipes in the green-room, whilſt Quin ſat in a penſive poſture, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth. "Mr. Gravity, ſays the lady, don't you think I ſing like Signora, &c." "Rot me, madam, if I was thinking about you," quoth he. "Why, how now, ſauce-box? ſays ſhe; 'tis not long ſince I ſaw you act the part of Timothy Rag, in your own cloaths, and the whole houſe obſerv'd you was well dreſs'd for the part." "*Madam*, ſays the actor, *if ſpitting upon you was not taking notice of you, I wou'd do it.*"

A young fellow who fancied himſelf poſſeſſed of talents ſufficient to cut a figure on the ſtage in comedy, offered himſelf to the maſter of Covent-garden theatre, who deſired him to give a ſpecimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin, the celebrated player. After he had rehearſed a ſpeech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin aſked him, with a contemptuous ſneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow anſwered, That he had done the part of Abel in The Alchemiſt. To which Quin replied, with that ſarcaſtical turn peculiar to himſelf, "*You miſtake, boy, it was the part of Cain you acted; for I am ſure you murdered Abel.*"

Another time, one of equal vanity and inability offered himſelf at the ſame theatre, for tragedy; who, according to cuſtom was to ſpeak before Mr. Quin. Juſt as he began to rant forth a tragedy ſpeech, a dog, that was running about the ſtage

at the ſame time, ſet up a terrible howl: upon which, Quin aſked whoſe dog it was; and being informed, he cried out, *He's a dog of good judgiment, by G—d!* and walked off without ſtaying to hear the ſpeech out.

Some years before Quin left the ſtage, he had laid a wager with Giffard, that, before the ſeaſon was out, he would tell all the audience to kiſs his a—e; and that, ſo far from being offended, they would applaud him for it. An opportunity offered one night when ſome of the royal family was expected, and when the curtain could not be drawn up till their arrival. Quin went upon the ſtage, after the repeated clamours of the galleries for the laſt muſic, when he told the audience they could not poſſibly begin yet; but that, if they pleaſed, he would, in the mean time, attempt to divert them with a Weſt-country ſtory. "Hear him, hear him," re-echoed from every quarter. "An honeſt working man in Somerſetſhire took for better for worſe a ſtrapping wench, whoſe name was Jane: ſhe, in due time, proved that ſhe was neither barren, nor her huſband impotent. Their firſt iſſue was called after his father Jeremiah. A whimſical eſquire in the neighbourhood, who ſtood godfather to the ſecond, and who they therefore thought would make a comfortable proviſion for him in due time, had the liberty to name him as he pleaſed. He called him *Kiſs-my a—e!* When they grew up, Jere was intended for his father's profeſſion—*Kiſs-my-a—e for nothing!* However, the 'ſquire dying, and no proviſion being made for his god-ſon, he ſoon took up his father's trade, which was neither more or leſs than *Trencher-maker—Jere made ſquare trenchers—Kiſs-my a—e all round.* Their father died ſome time after; and having been a ſober, induſtrious man, had ſaved a

ſmall

ſmall matter, which he fairly divided between his two ſons. Fluſhed with this acquiſition, they came up to London to ſee the world, got dreſſed, and came to the play—Jere was of a more prudent turn than his brother, and went into the gallery—*Kiſs my-a—e in the pit.* They were ſo fond of what they had ſeen, that they returned the next night, the houſe was crammed, and—*Kiſs-my a—e in the boxes.*" Quin had got thus far in his ſtory, with repeated acclamations, when the regal part of the audience arrived, and prevented the ſequel.

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new houſe at Bath, before it was quite finiſhed; when, being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the ſervant if his maſter was at home, and being anſwered in the negative—" Well, ſaid he, however, ſhew me your little houſe."—" Yes, Sir, replied the ſervant, keeping the ſtreet-door in his hand, the houſe is *ſmall*, but it is very compact."—" I mean, continued Quin, your neceſſary-houſe."—" Yes, Sir, replied the ſervant, I believe my maſter will find it very *neceſſary*, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings."—" Your conveniency, I mean," ſaid Quin.—" Very *convenient*, I can aſſure you," ſtill continued the ſervant.—Quin, no longer able to contain himſelf, cried with ſome emphaſis, "*G—d d—n you, you raſcal, ſhew me your ſh—t houſe, or, by G—d, I ſhall befoul my breeches.*"—"*O Lord, Sir*, ſaid the ſervant, *that is not built yet.*"

Quin complaining of his old age and infirmities one day in the public rooms at Bath, a pert young coxcomb aſked him, " What would he give to be as young as he was?" " I do not know," ſays Quin, meaſuring him very contemptuouſly; " but I ſhould be almoſt content to be as *fooliſh.*"

BONS

BONS MOTS, ANECDOTES, &c.

OF GARRICK, COLMAN, SWIFT, STERNE, NASH, SHUTER,

AND OTHER CELEBRATED WITS.

IN one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a very fine whole-length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the IIId. which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the Exhibition-room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him, how he did? "Why, 'faith, my lord (replied Garrick), but *so-so* this morning; but if your lordship will but walk upstairs, you will see me as *well* as ever I was in my life."

It was wittily remarked by Mr. Colman, when comparing the contrary humours of his *Man and Wife*, that they are like flint and steel—*constantly striking fire out of one another.*

Nash, the late master of the ceremonies, was one night making a collection for the Bath Hospital, when a certain duchess entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her generosity; and not being able to get by him unobserved, gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."—"Yes, madam, said he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" when taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat (which he always wore), one, two, three, four, five. "Hold, hold! says her grace, consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash—and went on telling,

ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten.——Here her grace called out again with an angry tone.—"I beg, madam, you would compoſe yourſelf, ſaid Naſh, and not interrupt the work of charity—Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, ſixteen."—The ducheſs now began to rave, and laid hold of his arm. "Indeed, madam, ſaid he, you ſhall have your name written in letters of gold, ay, and upon the front of the building."—Then he went on, "Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," ſaid the ducheſs.—"Charity covers a multitude of ſins, ſaid Naſh: twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five."—"Naſh, ſaid ſhe, I proteſt you frighten me out of my wits!—Lord, I ſhall faint! I ſhall certainly die!"—"Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be better for you," anſwered Naſh—and was going on; but finding her grace was really ready to faint, he entered into a compoſition with her for thirty guineas. But this was very far from ſatisfying her grace, who ſeemed quite chagrined the greateſt part of the evening; and when he came to the quadrille-table where ſhe was playing, ſhe bid him ſtand further, an ugly devil! for ſhe hated the ſight of him. Soon after her grace had a run of good luck: which ſo pleaſed her, that ſhe called to him, ſaying, "Come, you impudent devil, I will be friends with you, if you promiſe never to plague me again in ſuch a manner; and now, to ſhew you I don't bear malice, there are ten guineas more towards the ſubſcription." Preſently Fortune turned her blind ſide upon her grace, and being broke, ſhe was obliged to borrow twenty pieces of Naſh, when ſhe could not help expreſſing her anguiſh at having parted with her money, by ſaying, *This comes of charity---but I'll ſtick to the old proverb for the future, for ſure enough it ſhould begin at home.*

The late Mr. Sterne being at a coffee-houſe, a wretched wit came in, and after having railed againſt the clergy at an immoderate rate, turned to Sterne, and with an intent to affront him, aſked his opinion on the ſubject: but this facetious clergyman, inſtead of giving a direct anſwer to the queſtion, only obſerved, that he had a dog—a very fine dog to look at,—but the worſt of him was, that he always ſnarled at a clergyman wherever he ſaw one. "How long has he had that trick?" demanded the witling. "Oh, Sir, anſwered Mr. Sterne, (bowing to him in particular) *ever ſince he was a PUPPY!*"

The late lord S——— having a great deſire to be thought a proficient in phyſic and ſurgery, the earl of Cheſterfield coming to him one morning, at a time when he wiſhed for his vote and influence in the houſe, where his lordſhip often forgot to attend, pretended to be afflicted with the head-ach, and requeſted to be let blood; this his noble friend complied with, and expreſſed great ſatiſfaction in the confidence repoſed in him. The earl ſeizing the favourable moment, induced lord S——— to go with him to the houſe, and to vote in a manner favourable to his wiſhes and to the public good; ſo that he uſed to ſay he had the boaſt of having literally *bled* for the ſervice of his country.

Mr. Sterne often related that the celebrated Dr. S———l J—n—n once invited Mrs. M-caul-y to dinner.—When the table was covered, the doctor inſiſted that his ſervant ſhould ſit down and help himſelf.—John, who was very modeſt, at firſt declined the offer, till his maſter being peremptory in the matter, he at laſt complied. On this, the lady roſe from her ſeat, telling doctor J—n—n ſhe did not think he had invited her with

a design to affront her, by classing her with a livery-servant. The doctor replied, that he rather meant it as a compliment. He then desired John to rise, and bring him a book of Mrs. M-c-ly's writing, that lay in the window, out of which he ordered him to read certain passages, wherein she asserted the equality of mankind. As he was reading, the lady retired—On which the doctor said very coolly, "Come, John, you may give over *preaching*; for I see you have made *a very moving discourse indeed.*"

Lord-chief-justice HYDE having a man once brought before him whose name was BULL, and whom he had a mind, after the manner of the times, to brow-beat—"So your name is Bull?" said he?—"Yes, my lord."——"Bull! Where are your horns?"———"My lord (replied the prisoner), the *horns* always go with the HYDE."

A person being once called to appear before Sir John Fielding whose name was *Unit*; after long inquiry for him, it was impossible to find him. "Well then, said Sir John, all I can say is, that Mr. *Unit* must now stand for a *Cypher*."

Sir John Fielding being once in company with some geniuses who affected to make very light of the sabbath, observed, that it was at least a very political institution: "For, said he, three-fourths of the people about London are supported—by breaking it.

Dean Swift once soliciting the living of St. Andrew's for Dr. Sacheverel of lord Bolingbroke, his lordship said the doctor was too troublesome and insignificant. The dean then asked permission to tell a story—"A Scotchman on board a ship, said he, in an engagement, being troubled by a louse biting him in the neck, stooped down to catch it—at that instant a cannon-ball took off the head of

the perſon ſtanding next him—On which the Scotchman, thankful for his eſcape, returned the louſe into his collar, bidding him live at free quarters. "How does your lordſhip like the ſtory?" —— "Very well, (replied the earl) and the louſe ſhall have the living for his pains."

A certain young gentleman who had been more favoured (like Mr. K—g, the comedian) by wit than by fortune, and who had ſometimes been warned by Sir John Fielding againſt his favourite vice of gaming, being one evening reduced to his laſt five guineas, ventured to ſtake this ſum, and by repeated ſucceſſes at laſt won upwards of two thouſand pounds: coming home at a late hour, he appeared extremely ſerious, and called for a bible. —His wife, who had ſat up for him, and was very obedient, found one, with ſome difficulty, and brought it to him, not without fear and trembling, as doubting that he might have taken ſome fatal reſolution.—"Have you met with any miſfortune?" cried ſhe.—"Give me the bible," ſaid her huſband.—"If you have loſt any ſum at play, it may be repaired," ſays this good wife.—"Give me the bible!" was all his anſwer. As ſoon as the book was delivered into his hands, he fell upon his knees, and took a ſolemn oath never to play at any game again. All this was ſuppoſed to ariſe from his having experienced ſome conſiderable loſs; but his wife was agreeably ſurpriſed when he pulled out money and notes to the amount above-mentioned, ſaying, "My dear, you ſee my night's winnings, and I have ſolemnly ſworn never to touch a die or a card again, as a gameſter, as long as I live."

Mr. Sterne uſed to be much pleaſed with telling the following ſtory.—"As his late majeſty was on his return from Hanover, his carriage happen-

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ing to break between Helvoetſluys and the Brill, on a road where they were obliged to put up at a common gin-houſe, coffee was procured for the king, and ſix bottles of gin for his attendants, while the carriage was getting ready. The reckoning being called for, the landlord, who was appriſed of the quality of his royal gueſt, was ſo modeſt as to make a charge amounting to eighty pounds ſterling for this poor fare. Lord Ligonier, to whom the bill was brought, ſeverely reprimanded the fellow for his attempt to impoſe upon his majeſty; but the king overhearing the diſpute, cried, "Come, my good lord, let us pay the money—The landlord would not have made ſo high a charge, but that the poor fellow knows KINGS *ſeldom call here.*"

A French gentleman having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's houſe, where a very large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never ſeen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, aſked the perſon the next day, "What dey call a dat liquor in England, which be all a contradiction; vere is de brandy to make it ſtrong, and de vater to make it ſmall, de ſugre to make it ſweet, and de lemon to make it ſour?" "You mean punch," ſaid the other. "Ay, punch, begar, cried monſieur, it almoſt punched my brains out laſt night."

The Duke of Warton one day was relating to Dean Swift many of his whimſical exploits and various frolicks; but as they conſiſted principally of ingenious debaucheries, the dean at length ſtopped him, and ſaid, "My lord duke, I adviſe you the next time you have an inclination to engage in a frolick, to try the frolick of being virtuous; and, take my word for it, you will find it the pleaſanteſt frolick you ever played in your life."

A chandler having had ſome candles ſtole, one bid him be of good cheer; *for in a ſhort time they would all come to light.*

"Well, ſaid an old woman who was accuſed of a crime which ſhe denied, may the *Devil* take me, if I did it! and now I have ſworn by my *maker.*"

The following anecdote and epigram, not being univerſally known, will find an excuſe for being inſerted here for the humorous ſting of the latter. —When the late earl of Halifax was chief governor of Ireland, the Commons, out of their great bounty, voted him an addition of 4000*l. per annum* to the accuſtomed appointments of his place. This their kind offer (with a ſelf-denying generoſity, which is not eaſily accounted for) he choſe to decline; but at the ſame time recommended it to them, that his ſucceſſor in office might enjoy the benefit of their kind intentions.—In the ſpeech which he made upon the occaſion were the following words: "But while I conſider myſelf at liberty to ſacrifice my *private intereſt* to my *private feelings*, I muſt, &c. &c. (ſee the whole tranſactions in the journals of that time). This expreſſion gave occaſion to the following lines.

When *Halifax* in ſpeech ſo witty,
So pointed, plauſible and pretty,
Refuſed the *Commons* courteous offer
To add ſome thouſands to his coffer;
His *private feelings* he conſulted,
From whence this generous act reſulted,
The fame of which will crown his glory,
Immortal in Hibernian ſtory;
For ſure ſuch bounty ne'er was known—
To eaſe our wants he bore his own.
What tho' beneath a borrow'd name,
To *Donaldſon* *, enchanting dame,

* His favourite Dame.

He grants a *penſion* at our coſt;
His *excellency* yet may boaſt,
That quite conſiſtent with himſelf,
Whether he ſave or waſte our pelf,
He's—what the beſt wou'd fain arrive at—
Still rul'd by *what he feels in private.*

Mr. Sterne, once in company with Mr. Garrick and others, happen'd to be inveighing very ſtrongly againſt ſome writers, whoſe works abounded with indelicate alluſions; amongſt other obſervations, he ſaid, that ſuch authors, as a terror to others, ought to be hung up before their own houſes; to which Garrick replied, *It's well for you, doctor, that you live in lodgings.*

The late Dr. Cheney and Dr. Tadlow were exceedingly corpulent; but the laſt was by much the largeſt. Cheney coming into the coffee-houſe one morning, and obſerving Tadlow alone and penſive, aſked him what had occaſioned his melancholy? Cheney, ſays he, I have a very ſerious thought come athwart me; I am conſidering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave when we die. *Why*, ſays *Cheney, ſix or eight ſtout fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you muſt be carried at twice.*

When the firſt Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennſylvania, and the moſt conſiderable man among the quakers, went to court to pay his reſpects to Charles the ſecond, that merry monarch, obſerving the quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and ſtood uncover'd before Penn; who ſaid, Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat: *No*, ſays the king, *friend* Penn, *it is uſual for only one man to be cover'd here.*

Doctor Cheney once, when Naſh was ill, drew up a preſcription for him, which was ſent in accordingly.

cordingly. The next day the doctor coming to ſee his patient, found him up and well; upon which he aſk'd, if he had followed his preſcription? *Followed your preſcription!* cried Naſh, *No.—Egad, if I had, I ſhould have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of ſtairs window.*

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his cuſtomers, was carrying them home, when he ſaw a funeral paſs by, attended in the proceſſion by an apothecary whom he knew. *So, maſter*, ſays he to the apothecary, *I ſee you are carrying your work home too as well as I.*

Upon the reſtoration of King Charles II. the Reverend Mr. Bull (afterwards biſhop) who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majeſty's cauſe, while in exile, and had ſuffered for it, was preſented by the king with a grant of his former living, which the lord-chancellor Hyde made ſome difficulty to confirm, as the then incumbent had no complaint preferr'd againſt him, either in point of loyalty or religion. Mr. Bull finding his pocket exhauſted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing his majeſty's humour, took occaſion to whiſper him one day as he was in company, *that he had juſt had his pocket pickt of his money, and had not a ſhilling left.—Well*, ſaid the king, *and can't you tell the thief?——Why*, reply'd Bull, *if I may ſpeak the truth, I have caught your majeſty's hand in it*; and out he pulls the grant. *What!* ſaid his majeſty, *are you not yet preſented to your living? No*, reply'd Bull, *nor never ſhall either with the chancellor's conſent or mine; for neither of us would willingly diſplace your majeſty's friend.* The king then gave him a recommendation to the chancellor for the next vacancy that happen'd worth his acceptance; which he immediately went and deliver'd, becauſe, ſaid he, *Delays are dangerous.* The chancellor, in

order to make a memorandum of it, aſk'd his name. My name is Bull, anſwer'd he. *Bull!* ſaid the chancellor, *where are your horns?*—*Pleaſe your honour*, reply'd Bull, *the horns always go along with the Hyde.*

Lord S———h, after the firſt day's review at Portſmouth, having aſked a clergyman, whether ſuch a profuſion of fire and ſmoke did not give him an idea of hell? the reverend eccleſiaſtick replied —" *Yes; eſpecially as I obſerved your lordſhip to be in the midſt of it.*

Miſs *Catley* is as much celebrated for her ſtrokes of wit and humour, as for her amours. The following is a proof how ſhe can deſpiſe money when ſhe diſlikes her man.——One evening, after ſhe had played *Roſetta* in the comic opera of Love in a Village, the earl of H———n ſent her a billet conceived in the warmeſt terms, and containing the largeſt promiſes. She read it, and with great indifference wrote on the back of the paper, " *Admit one into the boxes.*

A. CATLEY."

While the ſame lady was in Ireland, the influence of her charms was ſo general, that a wit ſaid, " To ſecure a majority in either houſe of parliament, Miſs Catley need only inſtruct her own " *members.*"

At the cloſe of that ſeaſon in which Shuter firſt became ſo univerſally and ſo deſervedly celebrated, for performing the character of *Maſter Stephen*, in the revived comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the North of England.—It happened, that the ſtage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himſelf) was ſtopped on the other ſide Finchley Common, by a ſingle highwayman, who having put the uſual compliments to the

the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter (who ſat on the other ſide of the coach aſleep, or at leaſt pretending to be ſo): ſaluting him with a ſmart ſlap on the face, and preſenting his piſtol, he commanded him to deliver his money inſtantly, or he was a dead man. "Money!" returns the droll, with a ſhrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpreſſibly vacant, "O lud, Sir, they never truſts me with "any; for nuncle here always pays for my turn-"pikes an' all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curſes for his ſtupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled; and Shuter, with infinite ſatisfaction and laugh, purſued the reſt of his journey.

Doctor Freind, the intimate companion of the celebrated Doctor Mead, happened, while in parliament, to oppoſe with violence the meaſures of the miniſtry. In conſequence of this conduct, he was, in the month of March, 1722, committed to the Tower upon a charge of high treaſon. About half a year afterwards the premier, being taken ill, ſent for Mead, who after informing himſelf about the nature of his diſtemper, told him, that he would anſwer for his recovery, but that he would not write a ſingle preſcription for him till his friend the doctor was enlarged from the Tower. The miniſter, finding that his malady ſtill increaſed, obtained, a few days after, his majeſty's pardon for the ſuppoſed culprit, and again ſent to doctor Mead. Though the pardon was already diſpatched from the ſecretary's office, yet the doctor perſiſted in his reſolution, till his friend was actually reſtored to his family. The miniſter was ſoon reſtored to health; and Freind, on the very evening of his releaſe, received from the hands of the doctor the ſum of five thouſand guineas, which the other had received as fees for attending

the patients of his impriſoned companion; nor could Freind, with all his rhetoric, perſuade him to accept them as the juſt fruits of his labour.

At the cloſe of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcaſtle was ſo delighted with the conduct of a caſting voter, that he almoſt *fell upon his neck and kiſſed him.* "My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greateſt man in the world. I long to ſerve you. What can I do for you?" "May it pleaſe your grace, an exciſeman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to ſucceed him as ſoon as he ſhall die." "Aye, that you ſhall, with all my heart. I wiſh, for your ſake, he were dead and buried now. As ſoon as he is, ſet out to me, my dear friend: be it night or day, inſiſt upon ſeeing me, ſleeping or waking: if I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to Court: if I am not at Court, never reſt till you find me; not the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, or any place, ſhall be kept ſacred from ſuch a dear, worthy, good ſoul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking ſecrets together in the cabinet." The voter ſwallowed every thing with extaſy; and ſcraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the Exciſeman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As ſoon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he ſet off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn-fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been ſeized by a diſorder which ſome of the Engliſh had been induced to believe, from particular expreſſes, he could not poſſibly ſurvive. Amongſt theſe, the noble duke was the moſt credulous, and probably the moſt anxious. On the very firſt

moment

moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter—" Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came." —" Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up."—The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, " My lord, he is dead."—" That's well, my dear friend! I'm glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?"—The morning before last, an' please your grace."—" What? so lately! Why, my worthy, good creature, you must have flown. The lightning itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?"—" All I wish for in this world, is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him." " You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family-pretensions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter

of

of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the *present* times, may seem at least as honourable; he made him an Exciseman.

The following is a copy of a bill which a painter at Cirencester delivered for work done:

Mr. Charles Ferebee (church-warden of Siddington)

To Joseph Cook Dr.

To *mending* the Commandments	——	One
Altering the *Belief*—and	—	Pound
Making a new *Lord's Prayer*	—	One

At a masquerade in Soho, several ladies of *easy virtue* appeared as *Dianas*—Mr. Montague was in the character of a fool.—One of the nymphs said to him, "So, Mr. *Fool*, we seem to be *all* in *character* here."—"No, madam, (said he) for if we were, there would be more *fools*, and no *Dianas*."

A certain gambling peer married a lady of easy virtue. A gentleman being asked his opinion of the alliance, said,—"It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make matches."

A gentleman being asked, if he thought Moore's machines could go without horses, replied—"None but *asses* will believe it."

A French gentleman, who had lodged all his money in the hands of Mr. F—— some little time before he stopped payment, had the good fortune to save it by a droll and lucky accident. While he was standing one day in a fruit-shop near the 'Change, a gentleman entered and ordered a desert of fruit of various kinds, to the amount of five or

six

ſix pounds, for his dinner. The Pariſian at his departure, enquired what great duke or lord, or ſecretary of ſtate that was, who had been ſo profuſe in the ſimple article of fruit? He was anſwered that it was Mr. F——, the banker. "*Oh oh! you ſay dat?* (returned the aſtoniſhed foreigner) *begar den me go dis minute, and take all my money from him, or he will eat it all up.*" He drew out his money immediately, and Mr. F—— ſtopt payment two days after.

A man having loſt his wife, who was a very good woman, was always crying for his loſs when in company; a lady adviſed him to make himſelf eaſy, for his wife was certainly gone to heaven. "That's all that grieves me (ſaid he) *for I am ſure of never ſeeing her again.*"

When C——y, the famous ſinger, came over from Ireland, a friend of her's aſk'd her, how ſhe liked the Iriſh, who were famous for pleaſing the women? She replied, ſhe liked them very well, and that all was true that had been ſaid of them. Then how comes it, ſaid he, that you're not with child.—"*Ah*, ſaid ſhe, *their love is beyond conception.*"

Mrs. Macaulay having publiſhed her *Looſe Thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was aſked if he did not think it a ſtrange title for a lady to chuſe:—"By no means, replied he; the ſooner a woman gets rid of *ſuch thoughts*, the better."

A female writer viſiting Mrs. Macaulay, apologized for the ill ſucceſs a comedy ſhe had produced, by ſaying ſhe wrote it only to diſſipate melancholy in ſome irkſome hours. "I preſume then, madam, (ſaid Mrs. M.) that you write *tragedy* when you are in *high ſpirits.*"

Soon after the acceſſion of George the firſt, an ignorant juſtice of the peace, living in Clerkenwell, who

who had always ſuppoſed that *Anno Domini* was Latin for *Queen Ann*, hearing his clerk read a mittimus, when he came to the *Anno Domini*, cried out with ſome warmth, *And pray, Sir, why not* GEORGIO DOMINI? *Sure you forget yourſelf ſtrangely.*

A worthy baronet ſitting in a coffee-room, and a dog being very troubleſome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of buſineſs he forgot it. The dog continuing to peſter him, he ſaid, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir," ſaid a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs."—"No" ſaid he "nor puppies neither."

A quaker, driving in a ſingle-horſe chaiſe up a green lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornſey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was alſo in a ſingle-horſe chaiſe. There was not room enough for them to paſs each other, unleſs one of them would back his carriage, which they both refuſed. "I'll not make way for you," ſays the blood, "d—n my eyes if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," ſaid the quaker, "and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, d—n me," reſumed the firſt. He then pulled out a news-paper and began to read, as he ſat ſtill in his chaiſe; the quaker obſerving him, pulled a pipe and ſome tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, ſtruck a light, illuminated his pipe, and ſat and funked away very comfortably.—"Friend," ſaid he to the young blood, "*when thou haſt read the paper through, I ſhould be glad if thou wouldſt lend it me.*" My young gentleman, ſeeing the obſtinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths, curſes, and imprecations.

The

The following gentlemen were abſolutely freeholders of Middleſex at one time. William King, William Prince, James Duke, Thomas Earl—William Church, Charles Churchman, Richard Chappell.—John Parſons, William Deacon, John Prieſt.—Joſeph Miller, Edward Smith, William Cook, William Butcher, John Glover, Peter Taylor, Samuel Butler, John Barber, George Gardener, Henry Turner, John Fuller, John Cooper, William Baker, Daniel Chandler, Charles Porter, Iſrael Skinner, John Goldſmith, Charles Carpenter, George Slater, Joſeph Carter, Samuel Packer, John Cheeſeman, John Mercer.—Henry Eaſt, Edward Weſt, Thomas South, George North.—John Farmer, James Fiſher, Benjamin Thraſher.—Henry Day, Joſhua Night.—Francis Deadman, Stephen Pitt, William Graves.

It was obſerv'd that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. *I'll lay a wager*, ſays a wag, *I get an invitation from him.* The wager being accepted, he goes, the next day, to this rich man's houſe, about the time that he was known to ſit down to dinner, and tells the ſervant that he muſt ſpeak with his maſter immediately; for that he can ſave him a thouſand pound. *Sir*, ſays the ſervant to his maſter, *here is a man in a great hurry to ſpeak with you, who ſays he can ſave you a thouſand pound.* Out comes his maſter. *What's that you ſay, Sir? That you can ſave me a thouſand pound?—Yes, Sir, I can. But I ſee you are at dinner. I'll go and dine myſelf, and call again.——Oh, pray, Sir, come in and take a dinner with me——Sir, I ſhall be troubleſome——Not at all.* The invitation was accepted; and, dinner being over, and the family retired, *Well, Sir*, ſays the man of the houſe, *now to our buſineſs. Pray, let me know how I am to ſave this thouſand pound.—Why, Sir*, ſaid the other,

other, *I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.*——*I have.*——*And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pound?*——*I do so.*——*Why, then, Sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with nine thousand.*

Sir Nicholas Bacon, going to pass sentence of death upon a criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his life. Among other reasons alledged, he told him he was his relation. *How do you prove that?* said the Judge.——*My Lord,* said the fellow, *Your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog; and in all ages, hog and bacon have been reckoned a-kin.*——*But,* replied the Judge, *Hog is never bacon till it has been well hang'd. Therefore you must be hang'd before you can be any relation of mine.*

A fellow, who had pick'd up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est-il, Monsieur?* (In French, *What is it o'clock, Sir?*) to which the gentleman answer'd *Nescio* (in Latin, *I don't know*). *Damn it,* said the fellow, *I did not think it was near so late*; and ran off, as though he had had something of consequence to do.

It was pleasantly enough said of a man, who affected to make use of uncommon and hard words, that *he had swallowed a dictionary.*

An old lady calling one day upon a gentleman much given to women, the gentleman's daughter, who met her at the door, seem'd to hesitate at admitting her. *My dear,* said the old lady, *don't be afraid. People of my age are of no sex.*

An elderly lady having left a small estate to a young fellow for certain private services, her niece told him with a sneer, that he had bought that estate of her aunt's very cheap. *Madam,* said he, *if you think so, you shall have it at the same price.*

When

When doctor Hill (afterwards Sir John Hill) firſt launched into the literary world, he amongſt *other voluminous works in all ſciences*, wrote ſeveral *farces*, which he recommended very ſtrongly to Mr. Garrick for repreſentation; Garrick, however, not judging them to poſſeſs merit enough for the ſtage, politely refuſed them, which ſo irritated the doctor, that he conſtantly ſquibbed at him in the news-papers, ſome of which he at that time commanded. Garrick bore all very patiently for ſome time: at laſt thinking it neceſſary to hint to the world the occaſion of this antipathy, he told them ſo in the following very ſevere epigram:

"For phyſic and farces
His equal there ſcarce is;
For his *farces* are *phyſic*—his *phyſic* a *farce* is."

During the management of Rich, a perſon who had formerly been an attendant on Mr. Booth, in the quality of a *frizeur*, from conſtantly rubbing his ſkirts to the ſcenes, took it into his head to commence author, and accordingly produced a thing, which by the recommendation of ſeveral perſons of faſhion he got the manager to look at. Rich, on peruſal, not finding it fit for the ſtage, told the author in general terms, "It would not do." "Your objections, Sir?" ſays the other. "I tell you, Mr. ———, it won't do." "But, Sir, (replied the author) I ſhould be glad you would be more particular, for the ſatisfaction of my patrons." "O then (ſays Rich) you want a reaſon for my refuſal, do you? Why then, Mr. ———, tell your noble friends, there's too much *horſe-hair* in the piece."

A witty Counſellor, formerly of the Middle-Temple, who had been often reprimanded by a lady of his acquaintance for dreſſing ſo ſlovenly whenever he went into company, one day in par-

 ticular

ticular underwent a ſevere examination of every part of his dreſs, before a room full of company. When ſhe came to his breeches, ſhe ſtopt ſhort: "And pray," ſays ſhe, "what do you call that?" (pointing to an old pair of black velvet-breeches he had on.) "This, madam," ſays the Counſellor, who had hitherto borne all this raillery very patiently, "is an *old velvet-pall I keep to cover a dead friend.*"

A great perſonage riding out one morning on Richmond-Hill, being ſtruck with the ſituation, neatneſs, and elegance of the late Mr. Blanchard's houſe, aſked whoſe it was? Being told it belonged to a *card-maker*, "Indeed!" ſays his m———y, "all his cards then muſt have certainly turned up *trumps.*"

Charles the IId. being at hazard one Twelfth-night at court with the duke of Buckingham, and others, a well-dreſſed ſharper, who ſtood behind the duke's chair, took the liberty to pick his pocket of a diamond ſnuff-box, which was very valuable. Juſt in the inſtant of his ſtealing it, the king happened to fix his eyes on him; on which the ſharper, with great preſence of mind, put his finger up to his noſe, thereby inſinuating it was done out of fun. The king knew the world too well to be gulled even by ſuch an artifice, but however held his tongue. Some time after the duke miſſing his box, his majeſty told him the circumſtance. "Good G—d, Sire," ſays his grace, "why did not your majeſty tell me of it in time?" "Oh!" ſays the king, "I could not do that, I *was upon honour.*"

The late lord Holland (who was perhaps the fatteſt man of his height in England) and his brother Charles coming out of the Thatched-houſe one night together, a chair was called for the

the former, who altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting; the chairmen, however, being disappointed, he gave them a shilling. "Long life to your lordship," says Paddy, "six-pence more to your poor chairmen." "What," says he, have not I given you your full fare?" "O, yes, your lordship; but, *consider the fright.*"

Some time after the conquest of Minorca by marshal Richlieu, he and madame Pompadour, then the two greatest favourites of the late king of France, were walking together in the gardens of Versailles, as the king was at one of the windows; upon which his majesty called out to one of the lords in waiting, "*Voila mon epée et forreau.*"

It is usual for players of very inconsiderable rank at both the London theatres, when they get down to the country in the summer, to exert all their influence for getting into those characters which they think their genius (however their ill-stars may have opposed) originally designed them. A Mr. Perry, late of Covent-Garden theatre, as manager of Canterbury, a few summers ago was figuring away, amongst this number, in the character of Richard the IIId. when a gentleman in the pit asked who he was? "His name is *Perry*," says the person he applied to. "Ah!" says the other, shaking his head, "would *it* were *mum!*"

The first night that Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-Garden theatre in Barbarossa, lady Harrington, who sat in the same box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight, and observed, "He was really very *cutting.*" "Oh! dear madam," says Sir Francis, "I am not much surprized at that—consider he is a *razor-grinder.*"

Upon the grandfather of the present earl of

Albemarle's getting the blue ribband, who was previouſly a knight of the thiſtle, he was ſpoke to by lord Panmure to ſollicit the late king for his former ribband. My lord Albemarle accordingly took the firſt opportunity to preſent lord P——'s duty at the levée, and aſk the favour. "What! give him a ribband," ſays his m——y; "a fellow that has always been voting againſt the court. How could you aſk it, Albemarle?" "Sire, I can tell you, he means to be more grateful for your majeſty's favour for the future," ſays my lord. "Well, I do not care for that, he's a *puppy*, a mere *puppy*, and ſhall not have it." The king having ſaid this, was turning on his heel, when Albemarle cries out, "To be ſure, Sire, there is no contradicting what you ſay, but then what is a *puppy* without his *collar*?"

A gentleman having ſent a porter on a meſſage, which he executed much to his ſatisfaction, had the curioſity to aſk his name; being informed it was *Ruſſel*, "Pray," ſays the gentleman, "is *your coat of arms* the ſame as the duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," ſays the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*."

A gentleman who had long danced attendance at the late duke of Newcaſtle's levée, being one morning cooling his heels in the anti-chambers, along with a number of other unfortunate ſolicitors, one of the company was praiſing the elegant ſtuccoeing of the ceiling. "Yes, yes," ſays the gentleman, "it is really very elegant, and what is more, it is of a piece with the flooring." "How can that be, Sir?" ſays the other. "Why do not *you* ſee, Sir, *as well as I*, that both the *top* and *bottom* of the room is *full of fret work*?"

The

The late duke of Newcaſtle, who was at times a great idler for a ſtateſman, being one morning at the levée, running up and down about the room, with a face of much importance and enquiry, a lady aſked the dowager lady T———d, who was preſent, what ſhe thought his grace was looking for. "O Lord," ſays ſhe, "for nothing at all, madam, but the *two hours he has loſt in the morning.*"

A Jew, who was dreſſed out in a tawdry ſuit of laced cloaths, giving in bail before lord Mansfield, ſerjeant Davy, who was Counſel for the plaintiff, was putting the queſtion hard to the Iſraelite, to know whether he was worth ſuch a ſum of money, clear of all debts? The Jew ſeveral times anſwered in the affirmative; but the ſerjeant ſtill perſiſting in his interrogatories, my lord turns to the ſerjeant, "Poh! poh! brother Davy, how can you teaſe the gentleman ſo? Do not you ſee *he would burn* for much more?"

As the celebrated Ninon L'Enclos (who was as remarkable for her gallantry as beauty) was going to court one day, her chairman happened to ſtumble, by which accident ſhe fell *forward*, and diſlocated her knee: a young waterman coming up juſt at the ſame time, being informed of the cauſe of the crowd, bawled out, "*Le diable! c'eſt une toute! Elle tomba à la renverſe très toujours.*"

Dr. M—d coming out of Tom's coffee-houſe, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and deſired he would lend him five guineas. *Sir*, ſaid the doctor, *I am ſurpriſed you ſhould apply to me for ſuch a favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear Sir*, replied the apothecary, *it is for that very reaſon I aſk it, for thoſe who know me won't lend me a farthing.*

An honeſt French dragoon, in the ſervice of

Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after ſome words, told him, he wou'd let him eſcape that time; but if ever he found him there again, he would throw his hat out at the window. Notwithſtanding this terrible threat, in a few days, he caught the ſpark in the ſame place, and was as good as his word: ſenſible of what he had done, he poſted away to the place where he knew the king was to be; and throwing himſelf at his majeſty's feet, implored his pardon. The king aſk'd what his offence was? He told him how he had been abus'd. "Well, well, ſaid the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, conſidering your provocation; I think you was much in the right to throw *his hat out of the window.*" "Yes, and it pleaſe you, my liege, *but his head was in it*, ſaid the dragoon." "Was it?" replied the king; "well, my word is paſs'd."

Two fellows meeting, one aſk'd the other, why he look'd ſo ſad? "I have good reaſon for it, anſwer'd the other; poor Jack Such-a-one, the greateſt crony and beſt friend I had in the world, was hang'd but two days ago." "What had he done?" ſays the firſt. "Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I ſhould have done on the like occaſion; he found a bridle on the road and took it up." "What! ſays the other, hang a man for taking up a bridle! that's hard, indeed!" *To tell the truth of the matter*, ſays the other, *there was a horſe tied to the other end of it.*

The Rev. Mr. Whiſton, the famous aſtronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and ſome time after, being about to diſpoſe of a little eſtate, he aſk'd the buyer thirty years purchaſe; upon which, in great ſurpriſe, the gentleman demanded, *with what face he could aſk ſo much, when he well knew the*

world

world would be at an end in a little more than half that time?

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, *Bless me! what! are you alive! Why not*, answer'd the fiddler, *did you send any body to kill me? No*, replies the other, *but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported, it seems*, says the fiddler, *but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it.*

A dyer in a court of Justice was desired to hold up his hand, which was all black. *Take off your glove, friend*, said the judge to him. *Put on your spectacles, my lord*, answer'd the dyer.

The late *Freke* the surgeon being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of St. *Bartholomew's*, to succeed him in that hospital. *Freke* recovering, and meeting some time after with one of these surgeons at a coffee house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited; urging, that it was no more than what was customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was supposed to be in danger. *Sir*, said *Freke, if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you solliciting.*

The late counsellor *Bootle*, who was of very low extraction, having made some advance in life, and intending to set up his chariot, consulted the late Mr. *Anstis* upon a coat of arms: But *Anstis* told him he was not entitled to any. Some time after, however, *Bootle* meeting him, says, *Well, notwithstanding what you told me, I have got a coat of arms upon my chariot.—And, pray, what are your arms?—Three combs.—Upon my life*, said *Anstis, very proper arms for such a lousy family.*

Harry the IVth of *France* asked a lady of his court,

court, which was the way to her bedchamber. *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *the only way to my bedchamber is through the church.*

When a late Prince was made ranger of a well-known park, *Henceforward*, ſaid a bold impudent girl, *it will be rutting-time in that park all the year round.*

Two little girls of the city of *Norwich* diſputing for precedency, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of ſmall fortune; *You are to conſider, Miſs*, ſaid the brewer's daughter, *that my papa keeps a coach.—Very true, Miſs*, ſaid the other, *and* YOU *are to conſider that he likewiſe keeps a dray.*

Philip the IId of *Spain*, making his entrance into *Saragoſſa*, and being attended by the then duke of *Savoy*, complimented this prince with the upper-hand. The duke's horſe proving reſtive, *Your highneſs's horſe*, ſaid the king, *ſeems to be ſomewhat unruly.——Sir*, replied the duke, *My horſe has ſenſe enough to know that he is not in his proper place.*

In Southwark there is a ſmall madhouſe dependent on Guy's Hoſpital. In the firſt years of that hoſpital, a madman, having made his eſcape from one of the windows, crawled along over ſeveral houſes. But coming at length to ſome bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through. *Good God!* ſaid a woman that was ſitting in the room, *who's there?—Hold your tongue, you bitch*, ſaid the madman, *I am only come to make you a ſky-light.*

'Tis reported of Diogenes, that, going along the ſtreet, a man, with a load upon his ſhoulders, ſtruck him with his burthen, and then bade him take care. *Why*, ſaid Diogenes, *do you intend to ſtrike me again?*

The late George Willis, a fellow in low life, but

but a man of a conſiderable ſhare of wit, and of infinite comedy, coming home very drunk one afternoon, *This habit of drinking*, ſaid his wife, *will certainly ſhorten your days.*——*Then*, ſaid George, *my nights will be the longer.*

His late majeſty, at a review of his horſe-guards, aſked Monſieur de Buſſy, the French ambaſſador, if he thought the king of France had better troops. *Oh, yes, Sir*, replied the ambaſſador, *the king of France has his Gens-d'armes, which are reckoned the beſt troops in the world. Did your majeſty never ſee them?* The king anſwered, *No.* Upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, who loſt his life in the battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, ſteps up, and ſays,—*Though your majeſty has not ſeen theſe troops his excellency ſpeaks of, I have ſeen them, and have cut my way through them twice; and make no doubt of doing the ſame again, whenever your majeſty ſhall think proper to command me.*

It is related by ſome of Diogenes, but by Machiavel of Caſtruccio Caſtracani, that, being conducted by a ſlovenly fellow through the apartments of a houſe, where the floors, as well as the furniture, were kept ſuperſtitiouſly clean, and wanting or pretending to want to ſpit, he ſpat full in the face of his conductor. *I aſk your pardon*, ſaid he; *but it was really the dirtieſt place I could find.*

Queen Elizabeth, being taken with the gallant behaviour of the duke of Villa Medina, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, inſiſted upon knowing his miſtreſs. The duke begg'd her to excuſe him; but, finding it to no purpoſe, he promiſed to ſend her his miſtreſs's picture. The next day ſhe received a ſmall packet from him, in which ſhe found nothing but *a looking-glaſs.*

I ſhall

I ſhall clip your wife's wit, ſaid Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in the preſence of the wife. *That will be a hanging matter*, ſaid ſhe, *for 'tis ſterling.*

When Captain Francis Drake, the firſt Engliſhman who performed a voyage round the world, arrived at Deptford, Queen Elizabeth expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing the ſhip and men. She appointed a day, and every thing was prepared for her reception. As the accommodation ladders, which have ſince been made uſe of, were not in practice then, the captain had manned his ſides with the officers and midſhipmen, all in new uniforms, to pay the greater honour to her majeſty. She accordingly came along-ſide, and was handed up; and as ſhe ſtood on the gunwale (or outermoſt edge of the ſhip's ſide) looking down, ſhe perceived a very handſome young fellow, at the bottom of the ſide next the water, ſmiling very ſignificantly. She took no notice of this circumſtance, but going on the quarter deck, knighted the captain, afterwards Sir Francis Drake, and retired into the cabin. When ſhe had ſatisfied herſelf from him of many particulars about his voyage, ſhe enquired concerning thoſe gentlemen who handed her up the ſide, and more inquiſitively demanded of Sir Francis who that young gentleman was, on the left-hand ſide as ſhe came up. Sir Francis, after a little recollection, informed her, that he was a young gentleman of family—had been with him the whole voyage, in the ſtation of a midſhipman, and was univerſally reſpected and beloved by every body on board. 'Tis well, ſaid her majeſty, but I have ſomething to ſay to him in private, and I muſt not be diſturb'd—ſend him to me.—The cabin was immediately clear'd, and the youngſter was found among his meſſmates below, when the order

order arrived for his attending the queen in the great cabin alone. He had much rather have gone aloft in a ſtorm, but there was no reſiſting—long ſervice had taught him to obey, and away he went. Sir, ſaid the queen, when he enter'd, were not you the lowermoſt of thoſe gentlemen on the left hand, who help'd me up the ſide of this ſhip.—I was, madam, anſwered as fine a figure as painting could expreſs, with all the honeſt ſimplicity of the tar. Very well, Sir, replied her majeſty, and as I ſtood on the edge of the ſhip, I looked down, and ſaw you ſmile. Now, Sir, on your allegiance to me, and as you are a gentleman, I inſiſt on your telling me the cauſe of your ſmiling. The midſhipman pauſed a very ſhort time, then recollecting himſelf, and being encouraged by the queen's gracious behaviour, ſaid, May it pleaſe your majeſty, ſince you have commanded me to explain myſelf, I will honeſtly tell you. *My meſſmates and I have often drank to the beſt in* Chriſtendom; *but by G—d I never ſaw it till this day.*—I like your ingenuouſneſs, ſaid the queen, ſmiling, let me ſee you at St. *James's*, and diſmiſſed him.

An Iriſhman in France drinking with ſome company who propoſed the toaſt ——*The land we live in.*——*Aye, with all my ſoul, my dear,* ſaid he, *here's poor old Ireland.*

In a church, not far from a famous ſea-port, was a parſon and clerk, who were really originals in their way. The parſon, who was a Welchman, ſpoke ſo thick, there was no underſtanding him; and the clerk, having broke his voice in ſinging pſalms, repeated the reſponſes in ſuch a querulous plaintive tone, that he ſeem'd to be always crying. A ſailor, who ſtumbled in there one Sunday evening, was very much aſtoniſhed at their proceedings; for though the pariſhioners might be acquainted

quainted with their dialect, Jack was not; however, he waited with much decency and patience till service was ended, and going out, meets a brother tar. *Where have you been*, Jack?—*At church. And what did you see there?—Why the clerk was crying*, replied he, *because he did not understand a word the parson said to him.*

Soon after our fleet went to the East Indies last war, Admiral Stephens died, and a signal was made for all lieutenants to come aboard the admiral's ship, to take orders, or attend the funeral. One of the Jacks, who had not seen a brother ship-mate a long time, met him, and ask'd what news?—— *News*, said the other, *d——n my limbs if I know any news, but that the admiral is gone to hell, and has made a signal for all lieutenants.*

A bishop going on a visitation met a young parson that was extremely ignorant, but whom he had ordained a short time before, at some friend's recommendation. The poor creature, intimidated by the presence of his bishop, and by the imperious manner in which he examined him, could give no other answer than that which made the point of the following epigram.

To an ignorant priest, quoth his prelate severe,
" Away with such blockheads, fool, what dost thou here?
" What ass of a bishop in orders put thee?
" Your lordship"—said Hodge, with an humble congée.

A judge taking a dislike to an old peasant with a long beard, who appear'd in court as an evidence, told him he supposed he had a conscience as large as his beard. *If you measure consciences by beards*, said the old man, *your lordship has no beard at all.*

A nobleman invited Dean Swift to dinner, and offered him a bill of fare. *No matter for your bill of fare*, said Swift. *Give me rather a bill of your company.*

A certain lady ſtanding by a fat young gentlewoman, when her ſtays were lacing on, took occaſion to joke her upon the largeneſs of her ſhape; to which the girl ſaid, "She could only wiſh it as *ſlender* as her ladyſhip's reputation."

A taylor who was accuſtomed to ſteal ſome of his cuſtomers cloth, when he came to make himſelf a ſuit, ſtole half a yard of his own: his wife perceiving it, aſked the reaſon: *Oh*, ſaid he, *'tis to keep my hand in, leſt at any time I ſhould forget.*

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very ſubject to catch cold in his feet, another not overloaded with ſenſe told him, that might eaſily be prevented, if he would follow his directions: I always get, ſays he, a thin piece of lead out of an India cheſt, and fit to my ſhoe for that purpoſe. "Then, ſir, ſays the former, you are like a rope-dancer's pole—you hvae *lead at both ends.*"

A well experienced fellow having, as he thought, newly married a maid, was very impatient for the wedding-night to come; and when he was in bed with his ſimpering bride, he began to attempt the taking of the virgin citadel; but finding much facility in the firſt charge, he fell into a great paſſion with his bride, and cry'd out, *You d——'d whore, you are no maid.* To whom ſhe as confidently replied, *A pox on you for a whore-maſter; who made you ſo ſkilful?*

When Mrs. W——n firſt acted Harry Wildair at Drury-lane playhouſe, coming off the ſtage into the Green-room, *I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *that one half of the houſe take me to be a man:* To which ſaid Mr.

Quin, *But the other half, I believe, know to the contrary.*

The late prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave great sport, and foil'd every dog that attack'd him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner (a butcher of Clare-market) stood close to the prince, fairly pinn'd the bull; at which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highness a swinging clap on the back, saying at the same time, *D—n your blood, Mr. Prince, my dog has pinn'd the bull, for all you.*

Some gentlemen being a-drinking of ale together, one of them seeing Mr. Amner going by, requested him to come and drink with them. A Londoner being there (having his horse ty'd at the door) said to one of his friends, "Is that Mr. Amner that useth to utter the bulls? I wish he do not make a bull of my horse;" which he overhearing, said, *What a saucy fellow is this! You see I no sooner turn my back, but he abuses me to my face.*

A jury having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir R——— H———ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, "Damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my pastime."

A smart fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn: *Pray, sir,* says he, *do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother!* which set the king a laughing, and excused his ill behaviour.

A man complaining to his friends that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as the vulgar usually do,

"And

"And for goodness sake, *what's to be said for it?*" *Nothing that I know*, says his friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practis'd by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? To which the girl replied, *Life is sweet, mamma.*

One that had weak eyes being jeer'd by a man that had clear eyes, he told him *they were not so dim but he could see a fool. It may be so*, says the other, *but you must look in a glass, then.*

A certain reverend drone in the country, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was near ended. *Truly*, said a gentleman present, *this learned doctor has made a very* moving *discourse.*

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp.*

Dr. Sewel and two or three more gentlemen walking towards Hampstead, on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to

know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily anſwered him, *To make hay*. Very well, replied the other; you'll be there at a very convenient ſeaſon, the country wants *rakes*.

Swan, the famous punſter of Cambridge, being a nonjuror, upon which account he had loſt his fellowſhip, as he was going along the Strand, in the beginning of king William's reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney-coachman called to him, Sir, won't you pleaſe to take a coach, it *rains* hard? *Ah, friend*, ſaid he, *but this is no rain* [reign] *for me to take coach in*.

When Oliver firſt coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inſcription on one ſide, *God with us*: On the other, *The common-wealth of England*. *I ſee*, ſaid he, *God and the common-wealth are on different ſides*.

When doctor Brown, who was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, took leave of the univerſity, he did it, as uſual, in form from the roſtrum. It is always allowable on theſe occaſions for the fellow-commoners and ſtudents to ſhew their marks of approbation or diſapprobation. When the doctor accordingly mounted the roſtrum, the whole audience began to *hiſs*; upon which he immediately replied, "Laudamur *ab his*."

The ſame gentleman being in company, when he was called upon for a toaſt, gave a lady he was very fond of. "Aye, doctor," ſays one of the party, "I have known you toaſt this lady for a great many years." "Very true," ſays the doctor, "but you ſee I cannot make her *Brown* yet."

The late Mr. Rich's abilities, as a Harlequin, are univerſally known. Coming home one night from

from the play-houſe, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun-Tavern, Clare-Market: it happened, as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich perceiving it to be open, threw himſelf out of the coach into the room: the man, not taking notice of this circumſtance, drew up, and getting from his box opened the coach-door, let down the ſtep, and then taking off his hat, waited for ſome time expecting his fare to alight: at laſt looking into the coach, and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that bilked him, and remounting his box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himſelf in at the window again, and calling out as loud as he could bawl, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almoſt petrified with the circumſtance, did as he was ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern-door. When Rich got out, after ſeemingly reproaching the fellow for his ſtupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bleſs your honour," ſays the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from *you*." "'Pſhaw, you are a fool," ſays Rich; "here is eighteen-pence for you." "No," ſays the coachman, who by this time had mounted his box, "that will not do; I know you too well, though you do *wear ſhoes*: and ſo, Mr. *Devil*, for once in your life you are flung."

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford-Coffee Houſe, the converſation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor; when amongſt many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was obſerved as ſomewhat extraordinary, that though he was ſo excellent an actor himſelf, he was far from being lucky in his

pupils. "Why, yes," replies Shuter; "though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is ſomething like the famous running-horſe Childers—the beſt racer in England *himſelf*, but could *never get a colt*."

The celebrated earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an evening with Mr. Butler, ſpoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits accordingly ſome time after met at a tavern, when upon the firſt bottle Mr. Butler was rather flat; on the ſecond he broke out the man of wit and reading; but, on the third, relapſed into a tameneſs of converſation, very inferior to the author of Hudibraſs. Next morning Mr. Shepherd aſked his lordſhip how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," ſays his lordſhip, "than a *nine-pin*; *little at both ends*, but *great in the middle*."

Daniel Purcell the punſter, calling for ſome pipes in a tavern, complained they were too ſhort. The drawer ſaid they had no other, and thoſe were *but juſt come in*. *Ay*, ſaid Daniel, *I ſee your maſter has not bought them* very long.

The ſame gentleman, as he had the character of a great punſter, was deſired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a pun extempore. Upon what ſubject? ſaid Daniel. *The king*, anſwered the other. *Oh, Sir*, ſaid he, *the king is no ſubject*.

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent Counſellor of the laſt century, waiting, with the body of the law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his arrival in London, the prince took notice of his great age, the ſerjeant being then near ninety. *Sir*, ſaid he, *you have out-lived all the men of the law of your younger years.—I ſhould*

have

have out-lived even the law itself, replied the serjeant, *if your highness had not come over.*

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's-Coffee-House; Dr. Garth just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, "Pray, young man, have you got any *sand* about you?" "No, friend," says Swift, "but I have got some *gravel*; and if you will give me your letter, *I will p—ss upon it directly.*"

Counsellor Clive (who very early after his marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Clive, the actress, parted from her) returning from the western circuit some years ago, found that his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence; upon which he dispatched his footman to engage another in that capacity whose honesty might be more depended on: a laundress was soon found; and while the servant was counting out the dirty cloaths, she was employed in giving an account of the many respectable families she washed for. "I also wash for a name-sake of your honour's, too." "A name-sake of mine!" says the counsellor. "Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of woman, 'thof she be one of the *player folks.*" "Oh! what, you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you?" "Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers, too." "Is she so?" replied the counsellor. "Stop, John! toss the cloaths into the closet again. Here, good woman, here is half-a-crown for you: I am sorry you have had this trouble; you can never wash for me, for I will be d——n'd if ever I suffer

my

my ſhirt to be *rubbed againſt her ſhift* again as long as I live."

The late king being fond of old Whiſton, (celebrated for his various ſtrictures on religion) happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court-Gardens, during the heat of his perſecution; as they were talking upon this ſubject, his majeſty obſerved, "That however right he may be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himſelf." "Is your majeſty really ſerious in your advice?" anſwered the old man. "I really am," replied the king. "Why, then," ſays Whiſton, "had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your majeſty have ee n at this time?"

When Wilkinſon, the celebrated comedian, firſt appeared on the ſtage, he applied himſelf principally to mimickry, which he ſucceeded ſo well in as to meet with almoſt univerſal applauſe. Amongſt the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it ſo powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himſelf ſmarted under the laſh of the mimic, laughed it off, and ſaid, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it; conſider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true, Sir," ſays the other, gravely: "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

Doctor Hough, ſome time ſince biſhop of Worceſter, who was as remarkable for the evenneſs of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his houſe, a gentleman preſent deſired his lordſhip to ſhew him a curious weather-glaſs which the biſhop had lately purchaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas; the ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it,

it, who in delivering it to the gentleman accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman that asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the bishop, smiling; "I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now, I hope, we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the *glass so low* in my life."

The late counsellor Crowle, being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons on his knees, when he got up, brushed them, and observed to a friend who was near him, he *was never in so dirty a house in his life.* "Oh!" says the other, "that is always the case in houses where there is so much *lumber.*"

As lady B— L—, now lady T——, was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M——, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*—" "Nor am I, my lord," says she with great readiness, "from *such sparks* as you."

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Irish wit at Lucas's coffee-house, who asked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," says he, "which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a damned *North wind* full in my face all the time." "Come, come," says the wit, "don't *you* complain; by G—d, the *North wind had the worst of it.*"

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces,

pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctor's-Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of The Gamesters: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?" "Oh! very easily," says Moore; "there I intend to put them both in the *spiritual court*."

The dowager lady T—— some time since hearing the duchess of B—f—d was going to be married to lord C—m—y, was asked by a lady present what she thought of it?" "Oh! dear madam, very well," says the other; "I think it will be an *equal match*, as there is a *great thing* on both sides."

The famous earl of Rochester profanely jesting one day before King Charles II. the king called out to him, "Well, Rochester, I believe you are one of the wickedest men in all England." "I believe I am, please your majesty," says the other, —"*of a subject*."

The celebrated antiquarian Wood being in company with doctor South, the celebrated preacher and punster, was complaining to him of his not being able to make *water*, and asked him what sign it was? "Why," says the doctor, "shall I speak *gravely* to you? It is a sign you will soon make *earth*."

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after D. Hayes, well known

known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," says Hayes; "so he would the *antients too, by G—d, if he knew their names.*"

A certain judge being some time since on the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle. In the course of the evidence, the Counsel for the Crown dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner's being an attorney. "O, Sir," says my lord to the Counsel, in a whisper, "do not make the case worse than it is; if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too."

A lady of wit and gallantry being accompanied in her visit to the two universities by a stupid young nobleman, it was observed by one who knew the parties, how ill her choice was in respect to a conductor." "Not at all," says a gentleman present, "I think it highly in character; *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an *owl*."

A well beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his egotisms; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out "So so, Doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in *your own hands*."

Some time before the late marquiss of Granby's death, he happened to be at a coffee-house in Scarborough, when he was much solicited by a

pedlar

pedlar to buy ſome tooth-picks. "Well," ſays the marquiſs, "what is the price of your tooth-picks?" "A guinea a piece, Sir," ſays the pedlar. "A guinea a-piece!" echoed the marquis. "Why, friend, tooth-picks muſt be very *ſcarce* in Scarborough." "No, my lord," ſays the fellow, (letting him ſee he knew his rank) "but *marquiſſes are.*"

Upon the death of the late general Armiger, (who unfortunately died the firſt night of his marriage, in the ſame *ſituation* as the celebrated lord Lincoln) a great perſonage, who was ignorant of this circumſtance, was aſking ſeveral at the levée next day, what could be his diſorder, it was ſo ſudden? Many made their *congees*, and ſaid, "They had not heard;" till coming up to lady B——— L———, (ſince lady B——— T———) "Why, Sire," ſays ſhe, it is rather an unphyſical caſe; but poor general Armiger died in a *parentheſis.*"

The ſame lady being lately aſked by a nobleman at court, Whether there had been any accounts from lord Holderneſſe, who had been cut a little before that for a fiſtula, at Geneva? "O, yes, my lord," ſays ſhe; "I have the pleaſure to tell your lordſhip he is *fundamentally* cured."

Counſellor C——— being choſen a friendly arbitrator between two near relations, one of whom had a very deſervedly bad character, it happened in the warmth of ſtating their grievances, the one gave the other the lie. "Lie, Sir," ſays the man with the bad character, "know that is amongſt the actions of my life I *dare* not do." "My dear friend," ſays the counſellor, "do not be in a paſſion: upon my ſoul, you have too *mean an opinion of your own courage.*"

When

Philip the Second walking one day alone in the cloiſters of the convent of the Eſcurial, an honeſt tradeſman, ſeeing the door open, went in. Tranſported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that houſe is adorned, he addreſſed himſelf to the king, whom he took for one of the ſervants of the convent, and deſired him to ſhew him the paintings, and explain the ſubjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condeſcenſion of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the ſatisfaction he could deſire. At parting, the ſtranger took him by the hand, and ſqueezing it affectionately, ſaid, "I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bombis: if you ſhould chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glaſs of good wine at your ſervice." "And my name, ſaid the pretended ſervant, is Philip the Second; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glaſs of as good."

While Caſimir II. king of Poland, was prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incenſed at his ill fortune, ſtruck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of paſſion. He fled immediately from juſtice; but being purſued and overtaken, he was condemned to loſe his head; but the generous Caſimir determined otherwiſe. "I am not ſurprized, ſaid he, at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himſelf on Fortune, no wonder he ſhould attack her favourite." After which he revoked the ſentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by his example a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.

The bishops Hoadley and Sherlock were both of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, and, as I believe, both of the same year, and pupils of Mr. Bower, a learned Scotchman. When they were freshmen, they were called to lectures in Tully's Offices. One day Hoadley performed so well, as to receive a compliment from his tutor. As they were coming away from the tutor's chamber, Sherlock, who was probably a little nettled, called out, "Ben, you have made good use of L'Estrange's translations to-day." "No, Tom, replied Hoadley, I have it not; and I forgot to send the bed-maker to borrow your's, which I am told is the only one in college."

In a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she ask'd him, How it came that he made himself so small a house? *It is not I*, madam, answered he, *who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint

acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, haſtened to the chamber; and, going in haſtily, found Jerry on his knees, either kiſſing the lady's hand, or having juſt kiſſed it. Cromwell in a fury aſked what was the meaning of that poſture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of preſence of mind, ſaid, May it pleaſe your highneſs! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyſhip to intercede for me. The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this, huſſy? why do you refuſe the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you ſhould treat him as ſuch. My lady's woman, who deſired nothing more, with a very low curtſey, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honour, I ſhall not be againſt him. Say'ſt thou ſo, my laſs? cried Cromwell. Call Godwyn; this buſineſs ſhall be done preſently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother-parſon came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the preſence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money ſhe had ſaved before, made Mr. White eaſy in his circumſtances, except that he never loved his wife, nor ſhe him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the ducheſs of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders, under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not ſafe to entruſt on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where ſhe lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more im-

portant concerns, though ſhe had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet ſhe went away and forgot the uſual preſent to the chamber-maid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generoſity, thought of an expedient to make herſelf amends; and with this view ſhe purchaſed a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully corked them up, and ſealed them; this done, ſhe cauſed it to be rumoured abroad, that ſhe had a quantity of the ducheſs of Marlborough's Eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her hands to ſell. It was, in reality, the ducheſs of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humour ſucceeded to the girl's wiſh; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it performed were ſo wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reached the ducheſs at the Engliſh camp. Her grace recollected her omiſſion, and was not a little nettled at the wench's ſtratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home, however, ſhe lay again at the ſame inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, Child, ſaid ſhe, I hear you have a famous eye-water to ſell; I have a mind to be a purchaſer. The girl, quite confounded, and ready to ſink, faintly ſaid, it was all diſpoſed of. What quantity might you have of it, ſaid the ducheſs? Only a few dozens, replied the girl. Well, ſaid the ducheſs, prepare your bottles, and you may now have a larger quantity of the genuine ſort. The girl was miſerably perplexed, and could not tell what to ſay; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees, confeſſed her indiſcretion, and humbly implored her grace's forgiveneſs, promiſing never to offend again in the like manner. Nay, but indeed, child, ſaid her grace, you muſt make up ſome for me, for I have heard

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an excellent character of its ſovereign virtues. Being aſſured her grace was in earneſt, the girl replied, ſhe ſhould be obeyed. Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water being any more hawked about in Dunkirk; and therefore, in the morning, ſhe ordered her young doctreſs, in her own preſence, to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up ſafely, and ſeal it, as ſhe had done the former; by which ſhe diſcovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her new noſtrum, a circumſtance ſhe had not before dreamt of. Well, my dear, ſaid the ducheſs, I find you are miſtreſs of your trade; you make no ſcruple to counterfeit a ſeal. Madam, ſaid the girl, you dropt the ſeal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. And what might you gain, ſaid her grace, by your laſt ſupply? Fifty livres, replied the girl. Very well, ſaid the ducheſs, pleaſe to reſtore the ſeal, and there is double that ſum for you; putting five louis d'ors in her hand; adding with a ſtern look, and a ſevere tone of voice, Beware of counterfeits, huſſey.

When Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed by one of the chapter, that the beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor ſent for him, and aſked him ſome queſtions relating to his poetical talents, which he modeſtly diſclaimed, aſſerting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor inſiſted he ſhould compoſe ſome verſes on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window; which accordingly he did; and the dean was ſo pleaſed, that he rewarded the compoſer with a guinea, declaring, at the ſame time, he was a better poet than Ambroſe Philips. The following were the lines repeated under the dean's window:

To-night's the day, I ſpeak it with great ſorrow,
That we were all t'have been blown up to morrow;
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
'Tis a cold froſty morning, and ſo good-night.

In the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a viſit to the maſter of his own college. The maſter (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a reſpect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater reſpect for himſelf. He knew his own dignity too well to ſuffer a fellow of his college to ſit down in his preſence. He kept his ſeat himſelf, and let the queen's ambaſſador ſtand. Piqued a little at that, Mat. compoſed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in thoſe days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occaſion was tempting; and he ſtruck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Roſe to dinner. It was addreſſed to the maſter, and was as follows:

I *ſtood*, ſir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a biſhop's throne your ſeat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.
One only thing can keep you down,
For your great ſoul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a biſhop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the queen.

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxation, uſed to retire to Bruſſels. He was a prince curious to know

know the ſentiments of his meaneſt ſubjects concerning himſelf, and his adminiſtration; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himſelf in ſuch companies and converſation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobler: unluckily it happened to be St. Criſpin's holiday; and, inſtead of finding the cobler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him what he wanted, and offered him a handſome gratuity. "What! friend, ſays the fellow, do you know no better than to aſk any of our craft to work on St. Criſpin? Was it Charles the Vth himſelf, I'd not do a ſtitch for him now—but if you'll come in, and drink St. Criſpin, do, and welcome, we are as merry as the emperor can be." The ſovereign accepted his offer: but while he was contemplating on their rude pleaſure, inſtead of joining in it, the jovial hoſt thus accoſts him: "What, I ſuppoſe you are ſome courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; nay, by your long noſe you may be a baſtard of the emperor's; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome—drink about—here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth, replied the emperor. "Love him! (ſays the ſon of Criſpin) ay, ay, I love his long noſeſhip well enough; but I ſhould love him much more, would he but tax us a little leſs—but what the devil have we to do with politicks?—Round with the glaſſes, and merry be our hearts." After a ſhort ſtay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobler for his hoſpitable reception. "That (cried he) you are welcome to—but I would not to-day have diſhonoured St. Criſpin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleaſed with the honeſt good-nature and humour of the fel-

low,

low, ſent for him next morning to court. You muſt imagine his ſurpriſe to ſee and hear his late gueſt was his ſovereign—he feared his joke on his long noſe muſt be puniſhed with death. The emperor thanked him for his hoſpitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him aſk for what he moſt deſired, and take the whole night to ſettle his ſurpriſe and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requeſted, that for the future the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. That requeſt was granted, and as his ambition was ſo moderate, the emperor bid him make another. "If (ſays he) I am to have my utmoſt wiſhes, command, that for the future the company of coblers ſhall take place of the company of ſhoe-makers." It was accordingly ſo ordained, and to this day there is to be ſeen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all proceſſions the company of coblers take place of the company of ſhoe-makers.

A miniſter being deprived for non-conformity, ſaid, *it ſhould coſt an hundred men their lives*; ſome underſtood this, as to his being a fellow that would move ſedition, and complained of him; who, upon being examined, ſaid, his meaning was, *That he would practice phyſic.*

Mr. H—rr—n, one of the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit, at the play-houſe in Dublin, Monacca Gaul, the orange-girl, famous for her wit and aſſurance, ſtriding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commiſſioner*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

Two very honeſt gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the ſtreet, one aſk'd the

the other, How the devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself? *Why, you silly dog*, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, ask'd her which she lik'd best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him, the sheriff. Why so? said the gentleman. *Because*, answer'd she, *tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, tho' he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house, where it was proposed to spend six-pence a-piece; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying, he knew no difference between a shilling and six-pence. To which a sly old Œconomist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen-pence.*

A gentleman told Betty Careless, upon shewing her legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike, that they must needs be *twins.* Indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had *more than one or two* between them.

A Welchman bragging of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster-abbey. Being asked where-about, he said, *In the same monument with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman.*

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me;*

me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the ſtationer's, and he ſhall read it for you.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for publick orations, he happened at one time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why here, Sir Richard,* ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, ſir, when do you intend to pay us?* Very well, very well, ſaid Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.

Two Iriſhmen having travell'd on foot from St. Albans to Barnet, were confoundedly tir'd and fatigued with their journey; and the more ſo, when they were told they had ſtill about ten miles to London. *By my ſhoul and St. Patrick,* cries one of them, *it is but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.*

Some ſoldiers, quartered in a country-town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment to make complaint. *Honeſt friend,* ſays the captain, *when the ſoldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now?—Yes, ſir,* anſwered the poor man. *Why then,* replied the captain, *you may depend on it that*

they

they do not belong to my company, or they would not have left you that, nor even your shirt.

The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good house-keeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. *Why, how now,* said he, *what times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer.*

A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

A gentleman whose wife was much addicted to make a slip, was asked by a lady of a pretty gay turn, whence the word *cuckold* was derived: "Why, said he, Madam, it comes from *whore*, which in Celtic signifies *a woman of fashion.*" *I did not think there had been so much corruption in whore,* said she; *as to cuckold, I think it is a mighty pretty word, and withal so fashionable—A'n't you of that opinion, Sir?*

Killigrew was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted king Charles the second by his lively spirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently, and had often access to king Charles, when it was denied the first peers of the realm. Among many other merry stories, the following is related of Killigrew: Charles the second, who hated business as much as he loved pleasure, would often disappoint the council, by withdrawing his royal presence when they were met, by which their business was consequently delayed, and many of the council were much offended by the disrespect shewn them. It happened one day, while the council were met, and had sat some time in expectation of his majesty, that the duke of L—d—ale, who

who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a paſſion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expreſſed himſelf irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his Grace be calm, *for he would lay a wager of an hundred pounds, that he would make his majeſty come to council in leſs than half an hour.* Lauderdale, being a little heated, took him at his word. Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened; adding, *I know your majeſty hates L—d——ale, tho' the neceſſity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now, if you wou'd get rid of a man you hate, come to the council; for L—d—ale is ſo very ambitious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds loſt in this wager, he will hang himſelf, and never plague you more.* The king was pleaſed with the archneſs of this obſervation, and anſwered, *Then, Killigrew, I'll poſitively go*; and accordingly he went.

A gentleman having a little ſtudy, and having ſome company in his chamber, which deſired to ſee it; he told them, In faith, gentlemen, *if you all go in, it will not hold you.*

A reverend gentleman received an invitation to dinner wrote on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a diſtant hint of his hopes; he therefore wrote the following lines on the ſame card, and returned it by her own ſervant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old Engliſh ſervice is much more ſincere:
You've ſent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine.

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Miſs C——d being told by Col. G——, of the Guards, how extremely well ſhe looked, replied, " Oh, Sir, I have been quite another thing ſince I went through your *regiment*."

A gentleman at Mrs. Cornelys', one evening, ſeeing ſome wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dreſs who ſat next him, not a great way from her boſom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the ſeals upon it: " Bleſs me, Sir, what are you doing?"—*Only trying to make an impreſſion on you, Madam.*

As a quaker's boy was lighting his maſter home from a neighbour's with a lanthorn, a fellow ſnatched it out of his hand, and ran off. The boy being too nimble for him, overtook him, and made a ſhift to hold him till his maſter came up.—" Why didſt thou take away the young man's lanthorn, friend?" ſaid Aminadab.—*Why, verily,* replied the fellow, mimicking him, *I did take it away becauſe I thought thou hadſt light enough within to keep thee from ſtumbling. However, here is thy lanthorn again.*

Mr. Colman one day equally ſenſibly and wittily remarked, " that the ſcandal and ill report of ſome perſons was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat, indeed, for a time—but it ſoon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is ſo much the cleaner."

A paſſionate young Baronet, at the Cocoa-tree, having railed for a conſiderable time againſt the Adminiſtration, and thrown out ſome very ſevere expreſſions, even againſt the R. F. concluded with ſaying, that there was no *liberty* in the land, and that we ſhould ſoon be a nation of ſlaves. " Pray, Sir Charles, replied an old gentleman, who ſat ſeemingly intent upon the paper before him—when you ſay there is no liberty in the land, do you mean *liberty of ſpeech?*"

A physician who lived in London visited a lady who lived at Chelsea: after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. "Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood —and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*"

A gentleman who was not remarkable for being over-fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend who let drop some pitying expressions, "Prithee, Tom, never mind her: let her be d—d with her cough; I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The lady, who was in an adjoining room, overhearing this *affectionate* speech, immediately rushed into the parlour where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, "that she had too much of his company in *this world* to wish to have it in *the next.*"

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress thro' the kingdom, called at Coventry, the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty;
Good Lord, how fair you be!

To which her Majesty returned the following gracious answer:

My Royal Majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools ye be!

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen paid the aforesaid city another visit: Mr. Mayor, on her

her Majesty's departure, among other particulars said, "When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear.*" The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity; which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

A lady of fashion sitting at supper with Sir Charles D——, and perceiving him totally absorbed in a *reverie*, took up a glass, and turning to a gentleman who sat next her, drank to all *absent* friends, and particularly to Sir Charles D——.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly *Old Hock*; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *Hic, Hæc, Hoc:* however, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the *Hock.*—"Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had *declined* it."

A certain philosophical humourist being asked his opinion of the discussion of abstruse metaphysical subjects by the younger students of the universities, and particularly of the doctrines of *Liberty* and *Necessity*, on which so much is to be said on both sides, replied, that he thought them, of all others, the most proper of all to be admitted among the *certamina ingenii*; for *Liberty*, said he, *is the nurse of all great wits, and Necessity the mother of invention.*

A young lady of fashion being asked by a dignified clergyman, on her return from a visit she had paid to an old maiden aunt, what sort of a place

her aunt's residence was; said, *that it was like heaven, where they are neither married, nor given in marriage.*

A gentleman being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, Sir, walk in; why don't you walk in, Sir? What are you *afraid of?*"—"Of being *bit*," replied he.

Tom Clark of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and* blow *all day long, if he would.*

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company to deliver his opinion. "Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" *I'm sure, Madam,* said he, *I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.*

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? who answered, *Because there is an hole on the other side.*

The late Beau Nash often played tricks with others, and upon certain occasions received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. "What, (says the Doctor)

Mr.

Mr. Nash *in masquerade?*" — "*Only a* Yorkshire *penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company*—" (quoth Nash) pointing to his companions.

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, There's a smart country girl, I will have some discourse with her. Then going up to the lady, "So, child, says he, you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, Sir, answered the lady." "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope." "Yes, Sir." "Pray, now, says he, let me examine you: I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir, says she; *his name was* Nash—*and an impudent dog he was.*"

A facetious Canon of Windsor, taking his evening-walk as usual into the town, met one of the Vicars at the Castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port. "So, says the Canon, from whence come you?" "I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the Vicar; *I have been* spinning *out this afternoon with a few friends.*" —*Ay, and now,* says the Canon, *you are* reeling *it home.*

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a copy, doctor, for you have the original.*

L—y C—r being an evidence in a court of juſtice, and very ſeverely croſs-examined by the counſel for the oppoſite party, was for a ſhort time at a ſtand to reply to a very uncommon queſtion; but recovering herſelf, ſhe ſet the court in a titter, by ſaying, *What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making—I mean impudence, Sir.*

A poor but worthy clergyman, who poſſeſſed only a ſmall lectureſhip, from the income of which he had a *large* family to maintain, had been under the neceſſity, through ſome expenſive family ſickneſſes, &c. of contracting debts with ſeveral in the pariſh, and, being unable to anſwer their demands, abſconded for ſome time for fear of being troubled; and in ſhort, was ſo aſhamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, conſidering this method of life could not laſt long, he took courage, and reſolved to preach the following Sunday before his pariſhioners; when he took his text from the New Teſtament in theſe words, *Have patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his diſcourſe into two general heads, firſt, *Have patience*; ſecondly, *and I will pay you all.* He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that moſt chriſtian virtue, *patience*; after which, *And now*, ſays he, *having done with my firſt head, viz.* Have patience, *I come to my ſecond and laſt general head, which is*, And I will pay you all;—*but that I muſt defer to another opportunity.* This concluſion ſo pleaſed his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, aſſuring him, that they would never trouble him.

An arch boy, belonging to one of the ſhips of war at Portſmouth, had purchaſed of his playfellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's houſe, and was at the door feeding it, when a gen-

gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his ſpeech, coming up, *T—T—T—Tom*, ſays the gentleman, *can your mag t—t— talk yet? Ay, Sir*, ſays the boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his head off.*

Two parſons meeting one day near the Chapter-coffee-houſe in Pater-noſter-row, and the way being very narrow, the moſt pragmatical of the two, who was loth to dirty his ſhoes, ſaid to the other, who was neareſt the houſes, "Sir, I never give the way to a coxcomb."—"Sir, replied the other, moving to the outſide of the poſts, *I always do.*

A Frenchman, who ſpoke very broken Engliſh, having ſome words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, *Begar, mine dear, but you be one vile dog's wife. Aye, that's true enough*, anſwered the woman, *the more is my misfortune.*

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford; as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire ſo ſurrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon ſeeing this, he called for the oſtler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oyſters, and carry to his horſe. *Oyſters for your horſe!* ſays the fellow, grinning: *What, ſhells and all! Aye, aye*, replied the gentleman, *carry them to him unopen'd.* The fellow fetched the oyſters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and aſk'd whether they were really to be carried to his horſe: *For*, ſays he, *I never ſaw a horſe eat oyſters in my life. No matter for that*, reply'd the gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the oyſters to the horſe, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney-corner, which was

what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the oſtler, attended by the perſons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir,* ſays he, *I have put the oyſters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horſe touch. Like enough,* reply'd the gentleman; *why, then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oyſters to me, and give my horſe half a peck of corn inſtead of them.*

It is related of Mr. Addiſon, who had ſome impediment in his ſpeech, that at the time of debating the Union Act, in the H—e of C———s, he roſe up, and addreſſing himſelf to the Speaker ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—Here he could go no farther; then riſing again, he ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—Still unable to proceed, he ſat down again; a third time he aroſe, and was ſtill unable to ſay any more than "Mr. Speaker, I conceive"— when a certain young member, who was poſſeſſed of more effrontery and volubility than Mr. Secretary, aroſe, and ſaid, "Mr. Speaker, I am very ſorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has *conceived* three times, and *brought forth nothing.*"

Three young ſparks going into a tavern, ſaw an elderly gentleman ſitting by himſelf. One of them went up to him, and ſaid, *Father Abraham, I am glad to ſee you.* The ſecond entered the room, and ſaid, *Father Iſaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and ſaid, *Father Jacob, ſhall we drink a glaſs with you?* The old gentleman looked at them a ſhort time with an air of contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Iſaac, nor Jacob; but Saul, the ſon of Cis, who was ſent to ſeek his father's aſſes—and having found them, left them.*—So went out of the room, and ſhut them in it.

When the Duke's army marched towards Edinburgh

burgh in 1745, ſome of the troops being quartered at an inn in the North Riding of Yorkſhire, the hoſt expreſſed a great veneration for the military; ſaying, he thought them the only bulwarks of the nation; and he particularly expreſſed his regard to one Corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to his houſe, and begged, upon his return, he would come and fix his laurels for a week at his houſe; ſaying, amongſt other civil things, that the ſoldiers were the *pillars* of the ſtate. Some time after, the Corporal having a little ſpare time upon his hands, and being in that part of the country, he paid a viſit to his former hoſt—when he met with a very cold reception. The Corporal, who was not a little nettled at his landlord's behaviour, reminded him, that he ſhould not have troubled him upon this occaſion, had he not been ſo urgently preſſed the laſt time he was that way, and had not his hoſt been ſo particularly civil to the military, as to ſay, he looked upon them as the *pillars* of the nation. *That is very true*, replied the hoſt—*but then I meant the* caterpillars *of the nation.*

A man paying a viſit to ſome friends in the north of Ireland, they made him very welcome, but cauſed him to drink ſo exceeding hard, that he wiſhed himſelf at home again—ſaying, *he was ſure, that if he lived there long, he ſhould ſoon die.*

Some ladies and gentlemen playing at *What is my thought like?* a lady thought, and aſked the queſtion: when a gentleman told her, her thought was like a ſhrimp. "Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, *why is Lord A——n like a ſhrimp?*" He immediately anſwered, *Becauſe, madam, his head and tail are good for nothing.*

A philoſopher and a wit were croſſing from Harwich to Holland, when a high ſwell riſing, the philoſopher ſeemed under great apprehenſion

leſt

left he ſhould go to the bottom.—*Why*, obſerved the wit, *that will ſuit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for ſkimming the ſurface of things.*

A Munſter man being on board a man of war, was deſired by his meſs mate to go down to the ſteward's room for a can of ſmall beer. Teague perceiving that preparations were then making for ſailing immediately, refuſed to go, ſaying, *Arrah, by my ſhoul, and ſo while I am after going into the cellar to fetch drink for you, the ſhip will be after ſailing, and leave me behind.*

A certain political writer, on the Tory ſide of the queſtion, in a former reign, being bribed over to the court intereſt by a penſion; one of the party he had deſerted, taxed him with the meanneſs of being a turncoat, and aſked his reaſon for quitting the party for a bribe? To which the author anſwered, *That he had ſeven very ſubſtantial reaſons for it*, viz. *a wife and ſix children.*

A gentleman paſſing over a cauſeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not railed on either ſide to ſecure paſſengers from falling, in caſe of their feet ſlipping, ſays to a countryman whom he overtook, *Methinks this narrow cauſeway muſt be very dangerous, honeſt friend: Pray, are not people loſt here ſometimes? Loſt!* anſwered the fellow, *I never knew any body loſt here in my life: there have, indeed, been ſeveral drowned, but they are always found again.*

A lady told a ſimple gentleman, that his wit was pretty. *Why ſo?* ſays he. *Becauſe*, ſays ſhe, *you have ſo little – and all that's little is pretty.*

A certain clergyman in the weſt of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had ſome intereſt with his patron, applied to him for the next preſentation: upon which the

the former, who ſoon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendſhip, and ſaid, he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor, ſays the other, you quite miſtake—*it was your living I wanted.*"

A moving ſermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being aſk'd, why *he* did not weep along with the *reſt? Oh!* ſaid he, *I belong to another pariſh.*

A Fellow of a certain College ſeeing Tom Brown in a tatter'd garb, ſaid: "Tom, your gown's *grown* too *ſhort* for you." "Ah! replied Tom, that's true; but it will be *long enough* before I ſhall get another." This repartee ſo diverted the Fellow, that he continued laughing till he met with a brother of the ſame College, who aſked him what he laughed at? "Why, ſays he, at an excellent joke: I juſt now told Tom Brown his gown was grown too ſhort for him; and he ſaid, it would be a long time before he ſhould have another." "Well, and pray where is the joke in that?" "I don't know, replied he, but I am ſure it was a good joke when I heard it."

A Lady ordered a ſun-dial to be made, and the maker brought it home with this motto:

"Time rapid flies, embrace it, man;
"Alas! thy life is but a ſpan.

The lady immediately ordered it to be altered thus:

"To us on earth few years belong—
"This life is but nine inches long."

Harry H—w—rd, who was a comical ſpark, when an apprentice, being for ſome miſdemeanour carried before Juſtice L—d, who was very crooked; the magiſtrate aſking him, when his maſter had finiſhed his complaint, whether he had any thing to ſay in his own vindication? *Yes*, replied

he

the youngſter, *I could offer a great deal; but it will ſignify nothing, for I ſee you are all of one ſide.*

The King of France taking Killegrew, the famous jeſter, into a gallery full of pictures, among the reſt, ſhew'd him the picture of Chriſt upon the croſs, and aſked him if he knew who that was? But Killegrew made himſelf very ignorant, and anſwer'd, *No. Why*, ſaid the King, *I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the picture of our Saviour upon the croſs, and that on the right ſide is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own.* Whereupon Killegrew replied, *I humbly thank your Majeſty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.*

When the Earl of Stair was Ambaſſador in Holland, he was invited to an entertainment by the Abbe de Ville, the French Reſident, along with the Auſtrian Ambaſſador. The Abbe propoſed a health to the *riſing ſun*, his maſter; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. The Auſtrian next, in compliment to his miſtreſs, the Empreſs Queen, toaſted *the moon and fixed ſtars*; which was greatly applauded. It then came to the Earl's turn; and his Lordſhip, with great preſence of mind, drank his maſter, by the name of *Joſhua the ſon of Nun, who made the ſun and moon to ſtand ſtill.*

A punſter going along Holborn when a great mob of ſpectators was gathered to ſee a malefactor paſs to his execution at Tyburn, aſked a genteel perſon, who was ſtanding in the croud, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He anſwered, one Vowel. *Ah!* ſaid the queriſt, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are ſeveral of that name? No*, returned the other, *I do not. Well*, ſaid the wag, *this, however, is certain, and I am very glad of it—that it is neither* U *nor* I.

Two men going from Shipton to Burford, and ſeeing a miller riding ſoftly before them on his ſacks, were reſolved to abuſe him; ſo they went one on each ſide, ſaying, "Come, tell us, miller, art thou more knave or fool!" "Truly, ſaid he, I don't know which I am moſt; but I believe I am *between both.*"

A Braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B——, bragged that he had demoliſhed five hundred men with his own hand. *Sir*, ſays Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me ſee—five at Madrid; ten at Lisbon; twenty at Paris; thirty at Vienna; and double the number at the Hague. But at length, coming over from Calais to Dover, I had ſcarce diſembarked, before a deſperate ſon of a bitch of an Iriſhman killed me. Killed you!* ſays the officer: *damn you, what do you mean by that? Sir*, replies Charles, *I did not diſpute your veracity, and why ſhould you queſtion mine?*

A gentleman, remarkably fond of intelligence, meeting a courtier, aſked what news? *Why, Sir*, replied he, *there are forty thouſand men riſen to day.* To what end, ſaid the firſt, and what do they intend? *Why, to go to bed at night*, anſwered he.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long diſpute, in which ſhe was reſolved to have the laſt word, told her, if ſhe ſpoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out: *Why, then, Rams-horns, you rogue*, ſaid ſhe, *if I die for it.*

A certain fop was boaſting in company, that he had every *ſenſe* in perfection; *No, by G—d*, ſaid one who ſtood by, *there is one you are entirely without—and that is common ſenſe.*

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch—I ſee*, ſaid the judge, *the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch, has taken an L.*

It was ſaid of one who remember'd every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, *that he had loſt half his memory.*

A juſtice of peace ſeeing a parſon on a very ſtately horſe, riding between London and Hampſtead, ſaid to ſome gentlemen who were with him, "Do you ſee what a beautiſul horſe that proud parſon has got? I'll banter him a little." *Doctor*, ſaid he, *you don't follow the example of your great Maſter, who was humbly content to ride upon an aſs.*— *Why, really, Sir*, replied the parſon, *the King has made ſo many aſſes juſtices, that an honeſt clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.*

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company ſaid, She had been a great deal farther, and ſeen more countries than he. *Nay, then, madam*, replied the gentleman, *as travellers, we may* lye together *by authority.*

One asked his friend, Why he, being ſo proper a man himſelf, had married ſo ſmall a wife? *Why, friend*, ſaid he, *I thought you had known, that of two evils we ſhould chuſe the leaſt.*

A parſon, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. iii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever*, preached for three Sundays together on the ſame ſubject: ſoon after two country fellows going acroſs the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell*; *perhaps*, replied he, *it is for Peter's wife's mother, for ſhe has been ſick of a fever theſe three weeks.*

When the earl of Wharton, who made ſo eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a ſtripling, in the life of his father, a moſt formal preſbyterian; there being ſome extraordinary entertainment for ſome young gentry on the anniverſary of this hopeful ſon's birth, he was ordered by the old Lord to ſay grace; whereupon, turning up

up his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain :

I pray God to shorten the days of lord Wharton,
And set his son up in his place;
He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thousand things more,
With as good a fanatical face.

The pious parent, not hearing what he said, being deafish, but perceiving he had finished, and supposing what he uttered to be what it ought on such an occasion, very innocently gave his assent to it, by an *Amen, I pray God*; which, to his great surprise, made the whole company burst into laughter.

King Charles the second and the duke of Ormond discoursing of the prettiest women of the several counties, says the king to the duke, *My lord, you have very pretty women in Ireland, but they have great legs.—Oh! that's nothing, please you, my liege, we lay them aside.*

Sir Charles Wager, as is common with persons who have great personal courage, and but little learning, had a sovereign contempt of physicians; tho' a surgeon, in some cases, he believed, might be of good service. It happened that Sir Charles was attacked by a fever, while he was out upon a cruize, and the surgeon prevailed upon him to lose a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid upon his back.—By-and-by it was thought necessary to lay on another blister, and repeat the bleeding; to which Sir Charles also consented. The symptoms then abated; and the surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few boluses, and take a few draughts. *No, doctor*, says Sir Charles, *you shall batter my hulk as long as you will, but d—n you, you shan't board me.*

One man asked another, how such a person

liv'd these hard times? To which he was answer'd, *By his wits. I wonder*, says the other, *how he can live upon so small a stock.*

A country attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr. Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt of the court: To which the attorney very briskly replied, *That although his shirt was* dirty, *his hands were* clean.

The earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city of London, and stayed late, call'd a hackney-coach at Temple-bar, and bid the man drive to Berkeley-square, where he then lodged; the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was rather provoked at being obliged to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon: "But, says Rochester, do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself?" "No, no, master, answered the coachman, I could have provided against that well enough." "How can that be?" says the peer. When the coachman replied, "Why, to tell you the truth, *I should have backed your honour in.*

The late General G——, as celebrated for his *bons mots* as his bravery, being at a coffee-house one morning near St. James's, during the rebellion in 45, when the Roman Catholics were prohibited from coming within ten miles of the *capital*, and seeing a Jew standing with his back to the

the chimney with the hinder flaps of his coat open'd to the right and left, that the fire, as it was a nipping day, might have more force upon his centre of gravity, *squeezed* out to a friend of his on the other side of the table, " G—d d—n it! What a cursed country is this! A *Jew* here may warm his a— where a *Christian* dares not shew his face."

The borough of Hull, in the reign of King Charles the Second, chose Andrew Marvell for their representative, from the opinion they had of his abilities and virtue, tho' he was then but a young gentleman, and of little or no fortune; and they maintained him in London for the service of the Public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the *then* infamous Administration. Mr. Marvell was, indeed, much inclined to sedition; that is, when the ministers were wicked, he very flatly and plainly told them that they were so. However, the ministry being of opinion that he would be theirs for properly asking, sent his old school-fellow the Lord-treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord-treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for a thousand pounds, and then stepped away to his chariot. Mr. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, " My lord, I request another moment." Danby mounted again to Mr. Marvell's apartment, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. " Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" " Don't you remember, Sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" " Very right, child! What have I for dinner to-day?" " Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" " It is so, child; very right—go away."—" My lord, added Mr. Marvell, addressing himself to the Treasurer, do you

hear that? Andrew's dinner is provided; there is your piece of paper, I want it not. I know the ſort of kindneſs intended. I live here to ſerve my conſtituents: the miniſtry may ſeek men for their purpoſe—I am not one."

A new adept, who boaſted of having found the ſecret of making gold, petitioned Leo X. for a reward. This Pope, a protector of the arts, ſeemed to acquieſce to his demand; and the alchymiſt was full of the hopes of a great fortune. When he returned to ſolicit his reward, Leo gave him a great empty purſe, telling him, *That, as he knew how to make gold, he only wanted a purſe to hold it.*

John Baſilides, Czar of Muſcovy, a proud and cruel prince, had, as ſome hiſtorians relate, a nail driven into the head of an ambaſſador from a prince in Italy, who was covered in his preſence. However, when Jerom Boſe, the ambaſſador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before him, he boldly put on his hat, and withdrew without making the leaſt motion to take it off. The Czar aſked him, If he was ignorant of the treatment another ambaſſador had received for a like temerity? "I well know it, anſwered the Engliſhman; but I am the ambaſſador of a Queen who always keeps her head covered, and does not ſuffer with impunity an affront to be offered to any of her miniſters." The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldneſs, cried out, turning to his courtiers: "There's a brave man, who dares to behave and ſpeak nobly for the honour and intereſt of his Sovereign! Which of you would do the ſame for me?"

In 1586, Philip II. King of Spain, had ſent the young Conſtable of Caſtile to Rome, to felicitate Sixtus V. on his exaltation. This Pope, diſpleaſed that ſo young an ambaſſador had been deputed to him, could not help ſaying, "And well, Sir! Did

your

your maſter want men, by ſending to me an ambaſſador without a beard?" "If my Sovereign had thought, replied the proud Spaniard, that merit conſiſted in *a beard*, he would have ſent you a *he-goat*, and not a gentleman as I am!"

The late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, viſiting Sir Iſaac Newton, the ſervant told him, he was in his ſtudy. No one was permitted to diſturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the viſitor ſat down to wait for him. After a time dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour paſſed, and Sir Iſaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty diſh, bad them dreſs their maſter another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my ſhort dinner, and I ſhall be at your ſervice; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a ſmile; "See, ſays he, what we ſtudious people are! I forgot I had dined."

Marſhal Turenne happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waiſtcoat and night-cap. A ſervant entering the room, deceived by his dreſs, miſtakes him for one of the under cooks. He comes ſoftly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lighteſt, gives him a violent ſlap on the breech. The Marſhal inſtantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his maſter; down he drops upon his knees.—— "Oh! my lord! I thought it was George."—— "And ſuppoſe it had been George, (repeated the Marſhal, rubbing his backſide) you ought not to have ſtruck quite ſo hard."

Prince

Prince *Maurice* of *Naſſau* was aſked by a lady, *who was the greateſt general of the then age?* He, being conſcious that himſelf was the greateſt, and being unwilling either to ſpeak in his own praiſe, or to give to another an honour that was *his* due, would have declined the giving an anſwer. But the lady inſiſting, *Madam*, ſaid he, *The Marquis of Spinola is the ſecond.*

An ambaſſador from the Great *Turk* to the *French* king, being preſent at one of thoſe rough trials of ſkill called *Tournaments*, ſo much in uſe ſome ages ſince; and being aſked his opinion of it, anſwered very ſenſibly, *that it was too much for jeſt, and too little for earneſt.*

In the time of the civil wars of *France*, a certain *Hugonot* lord, of cruel diſpoſition, put ſeveral of his priſoners to death, by obliging them to jump down from the top of a high tower. A ſoldier, whom he had condemned to die in this manner, having advanced twice to the brink of the tower, and drawn back as often, the nobleman, in great fury, ſwore that, if he did not go down the third time of his advancing, he ſhould be put to a ſtill much crueller death. *Why, Sir*, ſaid the ſoldier, *as eaſy a matter as you may think it, I'll hold you a wager that you don't do it even in four times.* This pleaſant reply ſaved his life.

Joe Miller being rallied for having an intrigue with a very homely woman, *Tho' I am not young*, ſaid he, *I have, I thank Heaven, a good conſtitution, and am not reduced to beauty or brandy, to wet my appetite.*

A young *Grecian* at *Rome*, bearing a great reſemblance to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, the emperor was deſirous of ſeeing him. Among other queſtions, he aſked him if his mother was ever at *Rome*. *No, Sir*, ſaid he, *but my father was.*

A Roman Catholic aſked a Proteſtant, where his religion was before the time of Luther. *Did you*

you wash your face this morning? replied the Proteſtant. *Yes*, anſwered the other. *Then where was your face*, ſaid the Proteſtant, *before it was waſhed?*

Another Proteſtant being aſked the ſame queſtion by a Catholic, replied, *In the bible, where yours never was.*

I can't conceive, ſaid one *Engliſh* nobleman to another, *how it is that you manage. I am convinced you are not of a temper to ſpend more than your income: and yet, though your eſtate is leſs than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate that you do.—My Lord*, ſaid the other, *I have a place.——A place! you amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray, what place?——I am my own ſteward.*

A country gentleman of no great breeding happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him, one day, when he paid a viſit to a lady, to whom he made his addreſſes. *Dear me!* cried the lady, *What a pretty dog this is!——Madam*, ſaid he, *'tis not a dog: 'tis one of your own ſex.*

A woman quarrelling with her huſband, told him, ſhe believed, if ſhe were to die, he would marry the devil's eldeſt daughter. *How can that be?* ſaid the huſband. *You know the law does not allow a man to marry two ſiſters.*

A country-fellow, going along *London* ſtreets, ſlipp'd down upon his ſeat. *You ſee*, ſaid a tradeſman ſtanding at his door, *that our London-ſtones are too proud to bear ſuch a bumkin as you.——Are they?* ſaid the fellow. *As proud as they are, I have made them kiſs my a—.*

King *Charles* II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, *My ſoul to a horſe-t——*, ſays he, *nobody beats that.——If you'll lay odds*, ſays *Rocheſter*, *I'll lay you.*

A footman was aſked if his maſter was a regular man in his living. *Very regular*, ſaid he: *for he gets drunk every day exactly at the ſame hour.*

A METHO-

A
METHODIST SERMON,

From George Alexander Stevens's Lecture on Heads.

BRETHREN! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breathe there-in)*—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*; even so from the top of my voice will I *bawl*, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; *and the sweet words that I shall utter*—and the *sweet words* that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences.—Do you know how many taylors make a man?—Why, nine—Nine taylors make a man.—And how many make half a man?—Why, four journeymen and a 'prentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to *Miss Fortune* the *fashion-maker*; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves —My *great bowels*, and my *sm—all guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.———*Give me a dram!*—Give me a dram—Do give me a dram—A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter-milk*, and therewith made a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and *Abomination*—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.

tub.—Have you carried your conſciences to the ſcourers? Have you bought any fullers earth at my ſhop to take the ſtains out?—You ſay, Yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I ſay, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no *velvet-mouth* preacher; I ſcorn your lawn ſleeves.———You are all full of filth: ye muſt be parboil'd; yea, ye muſt be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable ſoup, for the ſaints to ſup a ladleful of: and then the *ſcum*, and the *ſcaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen-ſtuff* of your conſciences, that ſerves to greaſe the cartwheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*, and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields.—And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*: the *players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.—The *play-houſe* is Satan's ground, where women ſtretch themſelves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation—*Tragedy* is the *blank verſe* of *Beelzebub*;—*Comedy* is his *haſty-pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the Devil's *country dance*.——And yet, you'll pay the players for ſeeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me: no, no; till Beelzebub's bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garniſh: but I won't. No; you ſhall lay on the common ſide of the world; like a toad-in-a-hole, that is bak'd for the Devil's dinner.——Do put ſome money in the plate——Put ſome money in the plate; and then all your iniquities ſhall be ſcalded away; even as they ſcald the briſtles off the hog's back: and you ſhall be cleanſed from all your ſins, as eaſy as the barber ſhaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do

Do put ſome money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching ſcours the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe;
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's ſhop to feed the trade.

THE CHARACTER OF A PROFOUND POLITICIAN DESCRIBED.

From the Same.

SIR *Full Fed Domine-Double Chin*, *citizen*, *turtle* and *veniſon* eater, was one of the common-council of Farringdon *within*; he was a very good ſort of a man; he was half brother to an alderman, and had been deputy of his own ward: his time was taken up in the affairs of the ſtate, and the affairs of the *kitchen*. He loved *politics*, and he loved *veniſon*. He thought a cook was a great genus, the greateſt genus in all the world, except a news writer: he conſtantly read every *political pamphlet* that was publiſhed, and on both ſides of the queſtion, and always framed *his* opinion according to the writer he read laſt; and according to the humour he happened to be in. He would take his cap and his pipe, and a glaſs of the righteous (as he called it)

it), and he would be for ſetting the world to rights on an hurry. "Ay, Ay, neighbour Coſtive, all for their own ends now a-days, none loves their own poor country, ſince Queen Sameramus, and ſhe invented *Solomon-Gundy*, and that's the beſt eating in all the werſal world. If I was at the head of affairs, things ſhould not be as they are now; that's all; they ſhould not indeed. I wou'd ſhew them another way of a manner of going to work: now I'll ſhew you my plan of operations: do you mind me now, mark what I ſay: ſuppoſe then theſe two or three bits of tobacco-aſhes to be the main *land continent.—Ve—ry well, Ve—ry well:* and ſuppoſe now, neighbour Spriggins, this little drop of punch (well come, here's the King; God bleſs him!) ſuppoſe this little drop of punch to be the main ſea ocean. *Very well, very well:* And ſuppoſe theſe three or four bits of cork to be all our *great men of war. Very well.* But what ſhall I do now for your *fortified* places? Oh! here I have it; he—re I have it! Here's your *Havannahs*, and your *Pondicherries*, and your *Tilbury Ports*, and your *Tower-ditches*, and all your damn'd ſtrong places: there's a plan of operations for ye now: A——h! Well, and then our army all ſhould wear a *new uniform*; all our *horſe infantry*, d'ye mind me, ſhould wear *air-jackets*; and all *foot cavalry* ſhould wear *cork-waiſtcoats*; and then, ye know, why they'd be all over the ſea before you could ſay *Jack Robinſon*. Well, and where do you think I'd land them? You don't know; no, you don't know; how the devil ſhould *you* know? You don't underſtand *gometry*. Why, I'll tell you where I'd land them; I would land them *under* the *line*, *cloſe* by the *South Pole*; th—ere I'd land them: and then I'd ambuſcade all the Spaniards back ſettlements; and take from them all their (———Pſhaw——— You know what I mean well enough: all their—

all them damn'd hard names mentioned in the news papers) all their *Mexico's*, and their *Pee-ru's*, and their *Dimont Islands*; and then I'd come with a *circumvendilus* on the Dutch, in flat-bottom'd boats; (because, ye know, that is a flat-bottom'd country) *open* the *sluices*—let in the water—*drown* all the poor *Dutch*, and then we should have *turtles*, and the *Spice Islands* for *nothing*; and there'd be brave living in Old England."

While our politician was thus going on in his plan, censuring *men* and *measures* he knew *nothing* about; it happening at the time when *our army* lay incamp'd on *one* side of the river, and the French on the *other*; an officer in company, with his stick, gave our politician a rap on the knuckles: What's that for? he—y? Only, Sir, replied the officer coolly, to inform you, that that commander who crosses a river, to attack an enemy in front, may chance to get a rap on the knuckles: that's all.

HUMOROUS EFFECTS occasioned by Cross-Reading the NEWS-PAPERS.

By PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

YESTERDAY Dr. Jones preached at St. James's, and performed it with ease in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried———
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

There was a numerous and brilliant court;
a down-look, and a cast with one eye.

Last night the Princess royal was baptized;
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This morning the right hon. the speaker———
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his majesty will go in state to
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At

At noon her R. H. the princeſs dowager was
married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent taylor.

Lord Chatham took his ſeat in the houſe of
and was ſeverely handled by the populace.

Several Changes are talked of at court;
confiſting of 9050 triple bob-majors.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a ſaw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel.

'Tis ſaid that a great oppoſition is intended:
———Pray ſtop it, and the party———

A certain commoner will be created a peer.
*** No greater reward will be offered.

John Wilkes, Eſq. ſet out for France,
being charged with returning from tranſportation.

Laſt night a moſt terrible fire broke out,
and the evening concluded with the utmoſt feſtivity.

At a very full meeting of common-council
the greateſt ſhew of horned cattle this ſeaſon.

An indictment for murder is preferred againſt
The worſhipful company of apothecaries.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
The city and liberties of Weſtminſter.

Lately come out of the country
the Middleſex hoſpital, enlarged with a new wing.

Set out on his travels to foreign parts.
beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

The free maſons will hold their annual grand lodge
N. B. The utmoſt ſecrecy may be depended on.

Yeſterday the new lord mayor was ſworn in,
and afterwards toſſed and gored ſeveral perſons.

On Tueſday laſt an addreſs was preſented
it happily miſſed fire, and the villain made off.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him,
to the great joy of that noble family.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the ſitting alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was ſuddenly taken in labour,
the contents whereof have not yet tranſpired.

Whereas the ſaid barn was ſet on fire by
an incendiary letter, dropped early in the morning.

The king of Pruſſia has wrote to our court,
" If you dant pote fife powns in a ſartin plaſe."

A number of 5s. 3d. pieces are now coining,
to be ſold to the poor at 5s. a buſhel.

This morning will be married the lord viſcount
and afterwards hung in chains, purſuant to his ſentence.

Eſcaped from the New Goal, Terence O'Dermot,
if he will return, he will be kindly received.

He was examined before the ſitting alderman,
and no queſtions aſked.

To the public, a caution from the police.
There is more reaſon for this caution than good———

The executors of the late Dr. Ward continue
at the Horſe Infirmary near Knightſbridge——

By order of the commiſſioners for paving,
an infallible remedy for the ſtone and gravel.

By the king's patent, Britiſh herb tobacco,
cureth ſmoaky chimneys. No cure, no pay.

To be diſpoſed of, greatly under prime coſt,
Nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are deſired to meet——
I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady deſirous of lying in privately,
will be delivered at any part of the town.

Colds caught at this ſeaſon are
the companion to the playhouſe.

Wants a place of all work,
a ſtrong bodied mare, miſtreſs of ſixteen ſtone.

Wanted an houſekeeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted ſound, wind and limb, free from blemiſh.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
an active young man, juſt come out of the country.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
a young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

Horſes to let, or ſtand at livery,
now lying at Horſly-down.

Ready to ſail for the Weſt-Indies,
The Canterbury flying machine in one day.

To be ſold to the beſt bidder.
My ſeat in parliament being vacated.

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's Head bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in ſheets.

To the curious in perukes,
The college of phyſicians will hold their anniverſary.

Notice is hereby given,
and no notice taken.

Th

The ſame Continued.

By Another Hand.

YESTERDAY the new board of Treaſury met,——
and every one preſent expreſſed the higheſt ſatisfaction,

On Sunday next the court will go into mourning;—
more particulars are expected relating to this black affair;

And in a few days will remove from Richmond—
to the condemned hole where they are to lie.

The ſun has been obſerved *not* to ſhine for ſome days—
occaſioned by the undue influence of a certain nobleman.

Never was known ſuch mild weather at this ſeaſon—
owing to the ſpirited conduct of the Earl of Ch———m.

On Monday the powder mills at Hounſlow blew up:—
This report merits confirmation.

Yeſterday there was a grand Board of Ordnance;—
the ſhock of which was felt many miles off.

One of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State—
fell off the ſhafts, being aſleep, and the wheels went over him.

'Tis ſaid the Miniſtry is to be new modelled—
The repairs of which will coſt the public a large ſum annually.

This has occaſioned a Cabinet Council to be held—
at Betty's fruit-ſhop in St. James's-ſtreet.

Friends of the Favourite will be totally excluded;—
the harveſt in the north being almoſt over.

The M—s of R— will again be at the head of the Adminiſtration.
N. B. He can produce a good character from his laſt place.—

It is now ſaid the expected changes will *not* take place—
owing to the wicked arts of *Engroſſers* and *Monopolizers*.

On Tueſday both Houſes of Convocation met:—
Books ſhut, nothing done;

by which means ſeveral felons made their eſcape.—
Same day a terrible fire broke out.

India ſtock roſe to 271.—
and it was ſome time before it could be got under;

Being St. Patrick's day, the tutelar ſaint of Ireland,——
the *ſtanding* Committee will *ſit* at twelve;

It was obſerved with the uſual demonſtrations of joy,—
Whereby much damage was done in the cellars about Weſtminſter,

Yeſterday a quantity of new guineas were iſſued at the Tower:—
Let no one doubt the efficacy of this medicine.

At the above office may be had ſhares of tickets and chances,——
If there be any yet afflicted with this diſeaſe.

We are aſſured that Lord T———e will accept of a place;—
it operates as an alterative, and produces a wonderful change.

It is ſaid an act will paſs next ſeſſion,———
and will keep good for years, even in the Weſt Indies.

Aged 76, was married to a young girl of eighteen;—
The reaſon of his committing this raſh action is not known.

With every qualification to render the married ſtate happy,——
of no uſe to any perſon but the owner.

Laſt night a gentleman cut his throat from ear to ear:
Razors may be had of a new conſtruction.

On Friday the price of corn at Bear-key fell———
from a ſcaffold in Cheapſide, and was terribly bruiſed.

Yeſterday a large flock of geeſe and turkies———
Was committed to the Poultry Compter for further examination.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes is writing an hiſtory of England—
He was convicted of the like offence at the aſſizes in 1763.

His houſe was burglariouſly broke open and robbed—
by virtue of a warrant under the great ſeal;

A truly patriotic ſcheme was moved in an auguſt Aſſembly;——
it was extinguiſhed without doing much damage.

Yeſterday a man was indicted for committing a rape,———
and upon trial the ſcheme was found to be impracticable.

It is ſaid that A—n B—d will *not* go to the ſouth of France,——
another wild beaſt having appeared in the Gevaudan.

Yeſterday ended the ſeſſions at the Old Bailey,
of the utmoſt uſe in peopling our new colonies.

At this ſeſſions there were ordered to be branded.——
*** None are genuine but ſuch as have this mark.

On Monday died univerſally lamented,———
and there were great rejoicings on this happy occaſion.

To the curious in bacon.———
He was reckoned the fatteſt man in England next to Mr. Bright.

We hear a treaty of marriage is concluded———
for 20l. a ſide, between the noted Dyer and the famous Nailor.

The ceremony was performed at St. James's church,———
and they inſtantly made off acroſs the heath;

An agreeable young lady with a fortune of 10,000l.———
This is inſerted as a caution to thoſe who are fond of bargains.

The Manſion-houſe being newly repaired and beautified,——
Patrick Gahagan was confined in one of the cells.

Yeſterday on the parade a ſoldier received 500 laſhes;——
Apply as above, and you ſhall have the ſame reward.

To be diſpoſed of by private contract,———
in the room of the late member created a Peer:

His

His Lordſhip arrived from abroad in perfect health,———
To the great grief of that noble family.

It is thought the election will be warmly contested,———
in order to preſerve unanimity in the county.

India ſtock fell yeſterday 2 one half,——
The proprietors being content with a moderate profit.

Loſt or miſlaid by careleſsneſs,———
an opportunity of getting 20 per cent.

Yeſterday an old houſe fell down in St. Giles's;———
A total wreck, but the crew are ſaved.

On Sunday next a charity ſermon will be preached,——
And great quantities of beer given to the populace.

Eloped from her huſband, Mary the wife of Simon,——
A light dun, with a black mane and tail.

An academy is opened for the inſtruction of youth——
In order that none may pretend ignorance.

The Pope's letter to the Moſt Chriſtian King concludes thus:—
"I am your humble ſervant, Coriolanus Coppleſtone."

He has juſt opened a houſe for inoculation;———
N. B. Be careful to have the right ſort.

My daughter is effectually cured, by the uſe of———
Sermons for Young Women, in 2 vols, duodecimo.

To be lett, an houſe pleaſantly ſituated———
removed from over the way.

The late copartnerſhip is diſſolved———
between the hours of twelve and three.

Whereas it often happens that people are in want of money———
500l. are ready to be given to any lady or gentleman.

Wanted, a genteel place under the government;———
It is of ſingular uſe to thoſe who are to ſpeak in public.

Miſs Truſler continues to make the rich ſeed cakes,———
for preventing the decays of age, and lengthening human life;

Genteel places in any of the public offices,———
ſo much admired by the nobility and gentry.

The author of *Papyrius Curſor* was taken into cuſtody,———
and the Jury brought in their verdict *Chance Medley*.

To the Editor of Yorick's Jests.

Sir,

A GREAT variety of names and phrases, most of them whimsical and ludicrous, have been contrived to veil the turpitude of Drunkenness—a vice pleasing in itself, and generally connected with reciprocations, if not of friendship, yet of the lesser duties and endearments of Society.

I believe, few people are aware how far this has been carried---or have any notion, that the simple idea of having drank too much liquor, is exprest in near fourscore different ways. I send you a list of them, for the amusement of your Readers.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

T. Norworth.

To express the Condition of an Honest Fellow, *and* No Flincher, *under the Effects of* Good Fellowship, *it is said that he is*

1 Drunk
2 Intoxicated
3 Fuddled
4 Flustered
5 Rocky
6 Tipsey
7 Merry
8 Half seas over
9 As great as a lord
10 In for it
11 Happy
12 Bouzey
13 Top-heavy
14 Chuck-full
15 Hocky
16 Hiccius——Probably from hiccuping
17 Crop-sick
18 Cup-stricken
19 Cup-sprung——This is said to be the favourite state and expression of a great Genius, who is at present Porter to U——y C——ge, O——d.
20 Hot-headed
21 Fou
22 Pot-valiant
23 Maudlin——From Magdalen the Penitent, who is always represented weeping, in which state is resembled by those "who "drink till the liquor flows "out of their eyes."
24 A little how came ye so?
25 Groggy—This is a West-Indian phrase; rum and water without sugar being called Grogg
26 In drink
27 In his cups
28 In his beer
29 Crank—This is a sea-phrase

—A

—A ſhip is ſaid to be crank, when by exceſs of lading, or ſome other cauſe, ſhe is liable to be overſet

30 Cut
31 Cheary
32 Cherry merry
33 Overtaken
34 Elevated
35 Forward
36 Crooked
37 Caſt away——A ſea phraſe for being dead drunk
38 Concerned
39 Boſky
40 In his altitudes
41 Tipperary——Probably from being likely to tip, or fall down
42 Topſey frizy
43 Exhilarated
44 On a merry pin
45 Half cocked
46 A little in the ſuds
47 As wiſe as Solomon——— It is alſo ſaid, that he has
48 Buſineſs on both ſides of the way
49 Got his little hat on
50 Bunged his eye
51 Got a drop in his eye
52 Been in the ſun
53 Soaked his face
54 Come home by the Villages-- This is provincial. When a man comes home by the fields, he meets nobody—conſequently is ſober: when he comes home by the villages, he calls firſt at one houſe, then at another, and drinks at all
55 Got a ſpur in his head--This is ſaid by Brother-jockies of each other
56 Got a crumb in his beard
57 Had a little
58 Had enough
59 Got more than he can carry
60 Got his beer on board
61 Got glaſs eyes
62 Been among the Philiſtines —A pun upon the word Fill
63 Loſt his legs
64 Been in a ſtorm——This is a ſea-phraſe for being leſs than dead drunk
65 Been in the Crown Office— A pun upon the word Crown, uſed for the Head
66 Got his night-cap on
67 Got his ſkin full
68 Got his doſe
69 Had a cup too much.

Beſides theſe modes of expreſſing drunkenneſs by what a man is, what he has, and what he has had, the following expreſs it by what he does.

70 Clips the King's Engliſh— i. e. Does not ſpeak plain
71 Sees double
72 Reels
73 Heels and ſets—A ſea-phraſe uſed of a boat in a rough ſea
74 Heels a little
75 Shews his hob-nails—This is a provincial phraſe for being ſo drunk as not to be able to ſtand, ſo that the nails at the bottom of the ſhoe are ſeen
76 Looks as if he could not help it
77 Crooks his elbow
78 Goes over the tops of trees— This is provincial, and alludes to the very unequal pace of a drunken man, like that of ſtepping from a high tree to a low one, and from a low to a high one

To theſe muſt be added—one phraſe that expreſſes drunkenneſs by what a man cannot do. It is ſaid by the ſons of Science at Oxford, of a man in ebrious circumſtances,

79 That he cannot ſport a right line.

I ſhall not mention the additions that have been made by way of illuſtration to ſeveral of the terms in this Liſt—although, taken together, they may be conſi-

considered as ſeparate phraſes: among theſe are—

1 As drunk as a Devil
2 As drunk as a Piper
3 As drunk as an Owl
4 As drunk as David's Sow
5 As drunk as a Lord
6 As fuddled as an Ape
7 As merry as a Grigg
8 As happy as a King.

The COURT of MOMUS.

The ODD FELLOW.

THERE was an old man, and tho' 'tis not common,
Yet, if he ſaid true, he was born of a woman;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for ſome meat;
And, if he could get it, 'tis ſaid he would eat:
When thirſty he'd drink, if you gave him the pot,
And his liquor moſt commonly ran down his throat.

He ſeldom or never could ſee without light;
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night:
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis ſaid,
And has fallen aſleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd;
And he ſtirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,
And his gait was ſo odd, had you ſeen him, you'd burſt,
For one leg or t'other would always be firſt.

His face was the oddeſt that ever was ſeen;
For if 'twas not waſh'd, 'twas ſeldom quite clean.

He

He ſhew'd moſt of his teeth, when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth ſtood a-croſs 'twixt his noſe and his chin.

If this whimſical chap had a river to paſs,
If he could not get over he'd ſtay where he was;
And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet ſo great was his luck, that he never was drown'd.

Among other ſtrange things that befel this poor yeoman,
He was married, poor ſoul, and his wife was—a woman;
And if not by that liar (Miſs Fame) we're beguil'd,
We may rightly affirm, he was never with child.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks ſaid, he was not very well:
But what was more ſtrange, in ſo weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phyſician.

What wonder, he dy'd! yet 'tis ſaid that his death
Was occaſion'd at laſt by the want of his breath:
But, peace to his bones, that in aſhes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

THE DESPAIRING MUSICIAN:

A N O D E.

FROM GERARD'S POEMS.

UNABLE to *deſcant* in *tunable* rhime,
My ſpirits *unſtrung*, and my pulſe out of *time*;

Of no *crotchet* of *note* my *slow* heart is possest,
Each jollity *pauses*, each fancy's *at rest*.
Unnatural Fate, too *discordant* by far,
On all my gay *lessons* has *doubled the bar*.
Still *sharply repeats* it, denies me repose;
And *slurs* all my *measure*, and *varies* my woes.

When I bid her *move slow*, then she *jigs* it away,
And *basely* acts *counter* to all I can say;
While raging I *shake* with a *treble* vexation,
And *A---mi* is the *tenor* of each lamentation.

My ideas turn'd *grave*, *dance* in *concert* no more,
Or *beat* to those *movements* no *time* can restore;
Yon *cliff* will I *scale* that o'erlooks the *flat* plain,
Where a strong *chord* shall end me, and with the *first strain*.

Martial, Lib. IV. Ep. 78. 6. by Dr. HOADLEY.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne:
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
" Your pride, and not your victuals, spare!
" I came to dine, and not to stare."

Lib. vii. Ep. 75. *by the Same:*

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country seat,
To make their dogs, or bless the meat—
Ah! dream not on preferment soon—
Thou'rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren, in thy tongue;
What

What flames, what darts, what anguiſh, I endur'd;
But, when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wiſe, deteſted by the good;
Nor underſtanding aught, nor underſtood;
Profane, obſcene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without ſpirit; vain, without deſert:
Affecting paſſions vice has long ſubdu'd;
Deſp'rately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee ſit,
For eminence in *folly*, deem'd a *wit*.

A ſmart Repartee.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reaſon can be given,
(Since marriage is a holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he reply'd!--
She quick returns the jeſt--
Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a prieſt.

The Fate of Artifice.

IN church the pray'r-book and the fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn curtſies, ſhew the wily maid;
At plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
And nods, and ſmiles, are fondly meant for ſnares:
Alas! vain charmer, you no lover get,
There you ſeem hypocrite, and here coquet.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You ſcold, repeat, and ſing and ſay,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever ceaſe.

Forbear, my Fannia! Oh, forbear,
If your own health or our's you prize;

For all mankind that hear you, ſwear,
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noiſe obſcur'd;
All are diſtracted while they gaze,
But, if they liſten, they are cur'd.

Your ſilence would require more praiſe,
Than all you ſay, or all you write;
One look ten thouſand charms diſplays,
Then huſh!—and be an angel quite.

A Compliment to the Ladies.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two:——
There's nothing good they ſay;
There's nothing good they do.

The Greek paraphraſed.

IF the quick ſpirit, Delia, in your eye,
Ere long will languiſh, and muſt one day die;
If every beauty, every youthful grace,
Muſt ſurely fly from that forſaken face;
Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
Ere cruel time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroys.

But, if thoſe jetty locks muſt ever grow,
Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's ſnow;
If thoſe bright ſuns, thy eyes, muſt know no ſhade,
And thy now blooming beauties never fade;
Then ſcruple not, my Delia, to beſtow
What freely gather'd, ſhall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er th' effects of time may prove,
They furniſh motives ſtrong for preſent love.

Conſtancy.

TRUE conſtancy no time, no pow'r can move;
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

The

The Folly of Love.

DID love, like agues, ever intermit,
How ſhould we bluſh, in abſence of the fit?

Jealouſy.

THE ſhaken tree grows faſter at the root;
And love grows firmer for ſome blaſts of doubt.

The Amorous Conteſt.

MY love and I for kiſſes play'd;
She would keep ſtakes; I was content:
But when I won, ſhe would be paid;
I, angry, aſk'd her, what ſhe meant?
Nay, ſince, ſays ſhe, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kiſſes back; take yours again!

By Mr. N—g—t.

MY heart ſtill hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months aſunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Againſt Life:—From the Greek of POSIDIPPUS.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by ſtrife,
Can mortals chuſe thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar——
There diſcord reigns, and endleſs jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe diſquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors ſweep the main:
If rich, we fear to loſe our ſtore;
Need and diſtreſs await the poor:
Sad care the bands of Hymen give;
Friendleſs, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childleſs, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy ſchemes our youth engage;
Weakneſs and wants depreſs old-age.

Would Fate then with my wiſh comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

SOLON's *ſeptennial Diviſion of Time.*

THE *ſeven* firſt years of life, man's break of day,
Gleams of ſhort ſenſe a dawn of thought diſplay;
When *fourteen* ſprings have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His ſoft and baſhful meanings learn to ſpeak:
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date;
Yet is not ſtrength complete till *twenty-eight*:
Thence, to his *five-and thirtieth*, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce deſire:
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wiſdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care:
With *forty-nine* behold his toils increaſe,
And buſy hopes and fears diſturb his peace:
At *fifty-ſix* cool reaſon reigns intire,
Then life burns ſteady, and with temp'rate fire:
But *ſixty-three* unbends the body's ſtrength,
Ere th' unweary'd mind has run her length:
And when, from *ſeventy*, age ſurveys her laſt,
Tir'd, ſhe ſtops ſhort, and wiſhes all were paſt.

To the Dean of L———d, on his obſerving that the Men of this Age are averſe to Matrimony.

By a young Lady.

YOU tell us, with a ſerious air,
What we without a ſigh can hear.
You ſay, your ſex no longer deign
To pay their vows at Hymen's fane:
E'en let them take their final leave,
For little cauſe have *we* to grieve:
What does our ſex by marriage gain?
A plenteous ſhare of care and pain.
Soon as we give our hand away,
And utter that dread word *obey*,

Fair

Fair Freedom instant takes its flight;
We bid adieu to each delight:
For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
As husband, he'll expect to rule;
Will think he's sense enough to guide;
For all men have their share of pride.—
Good-nature and good sense are seen
But seldom to unite in men:
In some I own, some few they join;
In thee conspicuously they shine!
But, of mankind, how small a part
Possess so good, so great a heart!
The nymph who in Love's lott'ry tries,
Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize;
The best, when got, alas how small!
Though for that prize we hazard all.

To a young Lady on her Birth-Day being the first of April.

LET others write with vain designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moralise your *April*-day.

Checquer'd your natal month appears
With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as it smiles;
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
For life is but an *April*-day.

Health will not always last in bloom;
But age or sickness surely come;
Are friends belov'd? Why, Fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these;
Forget not earnest in your play,
For youth is but an *April*-day.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,
As far as duty gives you pow'r,
Guiltleſs, enjoy the preſent hour:
Gather your roſe-buds while you may,
For love is but an *April*-day.

True Riches.

RICHES chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth s a cheat, and Pleaſure flies.

Is then nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes;
If our joys ſo fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes?

Let bright Virtue anſwer, No;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honours, riches ceaſe to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleaſure fail.

Written in an Inn:——By Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHOE'ER has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May ſigh to think how oft he found
His warmeſt welcome at an inn.

On a fat Doctor.

When *Tadloe* treads the ſtreets, the paviours cry,
"God bleſs you, Sir"—and lay their rammers by.

On a great houſe adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the ſervants thin,
The gods without, the devil within.

Courage miſplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:

Tom's

Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice:
But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and—was cudgell'd again by his wife.

The Injurious.

THREE years in London *Bobadil* had been,
Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen:
I cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

The Musical Contest.——*By* SWIFT.

SOME say that signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*, is a mere ninny:
Others aver, that to him, *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee!*

On an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to *look for* Death.

On an Old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither she's gone we cannot tell;
For, if she talks not, she's in hell;

If

If ſhe's in heav'n, ſhe's there unbleſs'd;
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

On a Man and his Wife, buried in the ſame Tomb.

HERE ſleep, whom neither life nor love,
Nor friendſhip's ſtricteſt tie,
Could in ſuch cloſe embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.——

Preſerve them, each diſſolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine;
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whoſe pride diſdains to give attention,
Still aſks you things above his comprehenſion;
But, ere you ſpeak, his thoughts are on himſelf;
His dreſs, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
One day, quoth he, "What ſignifies your learning?
"Does Greek or Latin make one more diſcerning?
"For all your claſſics I'd not give one groat;
"Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote?
"If books, then, neither make men rich or wiſer,
"Your man of learning is the greateſt miſer;
"Whoſe ſtudies, day and night, his thoughts employ,
"To heap up ſtores, which he can ne'er enjoy."
Your premiſſes are odd, I told the man, Sir,
But you'll not *liſten* to a proper anſwer:
Yet, if your inference from thence be true,
A ſcholar is as great a fool——as you.

Snip-Snap, or Town-Life and Country-Life.

T. How dull's a country life! ſage *Bufo* cries.
C. Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.
T. How *can* you bear the ſame things o'er and o'er?
C. Yet what can Bath or London, pray, give more?

T. You

T. You eat and drink, and ſtroll about your fields;
C. Such are the joys your favourite town-life yields:
Yet, whilſt our fields are green, our flow'rs are ſweet,
You breathe in ſmoke—and tread the duſty ſtreet.
T. To ſhift the ſcene, we've various public places;-
C. Yet ſtill you meet the ſame dull buſy faces.
T. Then freſh and freſh we read the daily news;--
C. Content, ſome weekly journal I peruſe.
T. Can you the rooms, cards, company reſign?
C. Yes; for health, eaſe, good air, and wholeſome wine.
T. But you've no neighbours.—*C.* Yes, we have a few;
And then—we're ſeldom plagu'd with folks like you.

Sent in a Snuff-box.

THINK, and ſome uſeful leſſons 'twill impart,
Think, when you open it, you ope my heart;
Think, when you ſee this preſent from your lover,
Yourſelf's the *bottom*, and that I'm the *cover*.

Wrote by a Boy on his Siſter's breaking a Drinking-glaſs.

SEE, Siſter, in this ſhatter'd glaſs,
The fate of many a pretty laſs:
Woman, like glaſs, is frail and weak,
Is apt to ſlip, is apt to break:
Therefore guide every ſtep with caution,
For juſt like glaſs is reputation;
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever loſt, and paſt recalling.

EPIGRAM. *By an old Bachelor.*

THE *Have-Wives* and *Lack-Wive*, by century write,
The one—becauſe bitten, the other to bite.

From

From whence we infer the beſt rule to be given,
To live here on earth as the ſaints do in heaven.

An Anſwer, by a young Bachelor.

SINCE your temper's ſo ſour, and ſo cold your complexion,
That the charms of the Fair cannot win your affection;
Live ſaint-like on earth ſtill, nor fear to be told,
He can never be young, who always was old.
But by your good leave, ſir, my rule too's one line,
You may be your own carver, but ſhall not be mine.

EPIGRAM.

IF what the Bard * aſſerts for truth we take,
"That *every woman is at heart a rake*,"
'Tis cuſtom only, not a virtuous caſt,
Makes maids ſo ſhy, or keeps our wives ſo chaſte;
And ſince all men would fain ſecure *that ſame*,
Who can the Turk or the Italian blame?

* Mr. Pope.

ANSWERED.

THO' Padlocks and Seraglios ſafe-guards are,
True love, well fix'd, ſurpaſſes both by far:
Thoſe may ſecure you a cold lifeleſs dame,
While this brings with the Fair an equal flame:
Scorning the Italian, then, and Turk's low arts,
Nought regales Britons, but the ladies *hearts*.

FEMALE RIGHTS: *or, a Plea for the Ladies to ſit in Parliament.*

ONCE the Houſe was debating in warm party raillery,
While a number of *ladies* were plac'd in the gallery,

All

All curious to know the *great things* of the nation,
When a ſurly old knight made this blunt exclamation:
Let the ladies withdraw, we have matters in motion,
Of which ought no female to have the leaſt notion!
A brother, more kind to the ſex, ſtrait return'd,
No need for the Fair to be rudely adjourn'd,
Since they are (not to ſtir up Contention's hot embers)
If not Members *for* Boroughs, *yet* Boroughs *for* Members.

A RECEIPT *to make an* EPIGRAM:

By the Right Hon. the late Lord HERVEY.

A Pleaſing ſubject firſt with care provide;
Your matter muſt with Nature be ſupply'd;
Nervous your diction, be your meaſure long,
Nor fear your verſe too ſtiff, if ſenſe be ſtrong.
In proper places proper numbers uſe,
And now the quicker, now the ſlower chuſe;
Too ſoon the dactyl the performance ends,
But the ſlow ſpondee coming thoughts ſuſpends;
Your laſt attention on the ſting beſtow,
To that your good or ill ſucceſs you'll owe;
For there not wit alone muſt ſhine, but humour flow.
Obſerving theſe, your Epigram's compleated;
Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' ſeven times repeated.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does kind proviſion make,
And what men want in head they have in back;
Then who can diſapprove the Fair Ones rules,
Who talk with *men of ſenſe*, but kiſs with *fools?*

A SIMILE.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away;

Take

Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and ſhuffles with the dirty leaving.

EPITAPH *on a* WIFE.

HERE lies my poor wife without bed or blanket,
But dead as any door-nail, God be thanked.

On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.

HIS thruſts like lightning flew, yet ſubtle Death
Parried them all, and beat him out of breath.

On CHLOE.

PRITHEE is not Miſs Chloe's a comical caſe?
She lends out her tail, and ſhe borrows a face.

On TIMOTHY MUM, *a Tapſter.*

HERE Tim the tapſter lies, who drew good beer,
But now, *drawn* to his end, he *draws* no more;
Yet, ſtill he *draws* from ev'ry friend a tear,
Water he *draws*, who *drew* good beer before.

On a MISER.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf;
Here lies the worſt of thieves, who robb'd himſelf.

On a famous Toaſt at OXFORD.

ONE ſingle ſtone now keeps poor Kitty down,
Who when alive mov'd half the ſtones in town.

A Declaration of Love.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,
More than ivy does the oak;
More than fiſhes do the flood;
More than ſavage beaſts the wood;
More than merchants do their gain;
More than miſers to complain;
More than widows do their weeds;
More than friars do their beads;

More

More than Cynthia to be prais'd;
More than courtiers to be rais'd;
More than brides the wedding night;
More than ſoldiers do a fight;
More than lawyers do the bar;
More than 'prentice boys a fair;
More than topers t'other bottle;
More than women tittle-tattle;
More than rakes a willing lady;
More than Nancy does her baby;
More than jaylors do a fee;
More than all things I love thee.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe ſhown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty, not her own,
Where Hogarth, pitying Nature, kindly made
Such lips, ſuch eyes, as Chloe never had;
" Ye Gods! ſhe cries, in extaſy of heart,
" How near can Nature be expreſs'd by Art!
" Well! it is wond'rous like!—Nay, let me die,
" The very pouting lip—the killing eye!"
Blunt and ſevere, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies,—" Like, madam, do you ſay!
" The picture bears this likeneſs, it is true,
" The canvas painted is, and ſo are you."

WOMAN.

A Woman is a *book*, and often found
To prove far better in the *ſheets*, than *bound*;
No wonder, then, ſome ſtudents take delight,
Above all things, to *ſtudy in the night*.

On Cold.

THE *Latin* word for *cold*, one aſk'd his friend;
It is, ſaid he,—*'tis at my fingers ends.*

RIDDLES.

1. HE who begot me did conceive me too:
Within one month to a man's height I grew:
And ſhould I to an hundred years remain,
I to my ſtature not one inch ſhould gain.
Numbers of Brethren I have here on earth;
And all like me of this ſurprizing birth.
Some curious garments do their limbs adorn,
And ſome as naked are as they were born,
Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm.
Some want an eye, and others have no feet,
Some have no arms, others no legs; and yet
Moſt men eſteem them equally with me,
Tho' I in all my limbs unblemiſh'd be.
To ſum up all as briefly as I can,
I am man's *offspring*, tho' I'm not a man.

2. AT two days old good *Latin* I ſpeak,
Tho' for it I ne'er went to ſchool:
Arms I have four, which come out of my *back*,
And in yellow am dreſs'd like a fool.
All men do me ſeek, tho' few can me get,
When caught I'm confin'd like a fiſh in a net.

3. OF different parts I'm made; one part of me
Comes from a worm, the other from a tree;
I am of different ſizes, yet 'tis ſtrange,
My ſhape and my complexion never change;
My ſtations various are, ſome fine, ſome fair,
But others filthy and offenſive are;
Yet once in either fix'd I conſtant prove,
And rarely without violence I move,
Unleſs time makes me drop from what I love.

4. I

4. I View the world in little ſpace,
Am always reſtleſs, changing place:
No food I eat, but by my power
Procure what millions do devour.

5. THERE is a thing, which in the light
Is ſeldom uſed, but in the night
It ſerves the maiden female crew,
The ladies and the good wives too:
They uſe to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly ſtand;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good-will it would die.
It ſpends, goes out, and ſtill within
It leaves its moiſture thick and thin.

6. OF mirth the parent, and the child of art,
A ſtranger to myſelf in every part,
Eaſt-India has a native in my breaſt,
The Weſt my ſoftneſs, and my fire the Eaſt:
While kinder climes, my virtues to compleat,
Quicken my mildneſs to correct my heat.
Thus perfect, yet humility I ſhow,
The more I am admired the leſs I grow;
My faithful friends upon my ruin thrive,
And ſee me dying as they grow alive.

7. OR e'er bright Sol diſplay'd his genial flame,
I was created, and I had a name:
Aided by me, Adam with wond'ring eyes
Beheld th' amazing ſcenes of Paradiſe,
Flowers, plants, and trees, in grateful order riſe;
By me, forſooth, all Nature ſeems to mourn,
But meets with chearful ſmiles my glad return.
Tho' made at firſt by the Almighty free,
Kings have preſum'd to lay a tax on me:
Thro' all the world alternately I rove,
Thro' ev'ry city, town, or field, or grove;

The fair, without me, would loſe ev'ry grace,
Nor would one lover gaze upon her face:
Yet, ſoon as e'er the wiſh'd-for knot is ty'd,
I ſtrait grow tireſome to th' ungrateful bride.

8. IN ſhaping me both ſexes join,
Who muſt in fit embraces twine,
And grow with mutual motions warm,
Ere they complete my myſtic form;
I pleaſe (tho' from the country ſprung)
The city and the courtly throng;
I oft promote the balmy kiſs,
And muſic heightens much the bliſs.
By me engag'd you ne'er can doſe,
Yet I procure the ſoft repoſe,
And (which increaſes more your mirth)
Both ſexes labour at my birth.

9. READER, it is my fate to be
A ſlave to one who wears my livery,
A perſon of vile character; in brief,
A noted ſabbath-breaker and a thief.
In ſaucy manner he has often ſaid,
He once did entertain a crowned head.
No wonder, then, you hear him oft complain,
Whilſt I'm at work the raſcal to maintain.
He takes his pleaſures, and he lolls at eaſe,
But takes due care my labour ſhall not ceaſe;
With endleſs taſks he keeps me ſtill employ'd,
As if my ſtrength could never be deſtroy'd.
But conſtant toils diſorders inward breed,
And wear my conſtitution out with ſpeed;
My bowels (ſure prognoſtic of decay!)
With wind or water rumble night and day:
My thirſt is ſometimes ſo intenſe, that I
(You'd almoſt ſwear) would drink a river dry.
And what is more remarkable, is this,
As often as I drink, ſo oft I piſs.

And

And tho' I make large meals, I'm never sick
At stomach, my discharges are so quick.
Then what is my disease, perhaps you'll query,
A diabetes, or a dysentery;
Alas! too sure, 'tis both in complication;
My drink runs thro' me without alteration.
And what I eat it does me little good,
For why? My excrements are perfect food.
And therefore 'tis become a common rule,
To watch me well whene'er I go to stool.

10. I have not to boast of much humour or wit;
The thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a *slit*.
I'm black at the bottom; but if you look higher,
I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a man can desire.
To the lovers soft passion I often give ease,
Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.
By turns I every *man*'s humour can suit,
The king, lords, and commons, and bishops to boot,
Who finger me stoutly whene'er they come to 't.
At first tho' perhaps for one's use I was made;
Yet if more should try me they'd find me no jade.
I cut a great figure throughout the whole nation,
And give all your hearts in their turns palpitation.

11. THO' I never was born, yet came I by smocking,
And like all mankind, was engendered by knocking.
I'm the emblem of chastity, yet in all nations
I'm sometimes employ'd to promote fornications.
The nuns of new Rome, as the vestals of old,
(Tho' snow is not whiter than me to behold)
As a proof of that Capital's great dissolution,
Lend their hands without shame, to procure my pollution.
But with fingers alone I can't be contented;
An instrument longer by Nature's invented,

Which opens at one end and's frizzled at t'other;
With matter and motion oft makes me a mother.
For when thus compreſs'd, I'm ſure to be pregnant,
And my offspring exceeds that of Muley *, late regnant.
All places alike I've explor'd; and have been
At once in a bog-houſe and hands of a queen.
I viſit folks often when leaſt they're expecting;
E'en ſince you've been reading theſe lines, and reflecting.
What a ſtrange thing I am, I've encreas'd your vexation,
And perplex'd, by my preſence, your deep contemplation.

12. WHAT's that in which good houſewives take delight?
Which tho' it has no legs, will ſtand upright?
'Tis often us'd, both ſexes muſt agree,
Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.
At th' end it has a hole; 'tis ſtiff, and ſtrong,
Thick as a maiden's wriſt, and pretty long.
To a ſoft place 'tis very oft apply'd,
And makes the thing 'tis us'd to ſtill more wide;
The women love to wriggle it to and ſro,
That what lies under may the wider grow.
By giddy ſluts ſometimes it is abus'd,
But by good houſewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their purpoſe be,
When they to occupy the ſame are free.
Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,
What this muſt be, that is no part of man.

13. FROM heav'n at firſt with Lucifer I fell,
But left him in his paſſage down to hell;

* Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, who is ſaid to have had ſixty five children.

Man

Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his breaſt,
And none without me can have eaſe or reſt.
I am the ſtaff of age, the ſick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
And tho' ſome call me falſe, and others vain,
I lead the way to what all ſeek again:
No man without me wou'd a miſtreſs court,
Nor croſs the ſeas unto a foreign port:
I've told you what I am, and whence I came.
Now tell me, if you can, what is my name.

14. WITHOUT edge it cuts, without tongue it ſings;
Foams without anger, and flies without wings.

15. My *maſter* often lies with me,
His *wife* I oft' enjoy;
Yet ſhe's no *whore*, no *cuckold* he,
And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,
They're neither coat nor gown;
Yet oft' both men and maidens, when
They're *naked*, have them on.

What's oft' my belly, is oft' my back;
And what my feet, my head;
And tho' I'm up, I have a knack,
Of being ſtill a bed.

16. I'M in every one's way, yet no Chriſtian I ſtop,
My four horns ev'ry day,
Horizontally play,
And my head is nail'd down at the top.

17. I Daily *breathe*, yet have no life,
And kindle *feuds*, yet cauſe no ſtrife.

RE-

Which opens at one end and's frizzled at t'other;
With matter and motion oft makes me a mother.
For when thus compreſs'd, I'm ſure to be pregnant,
And my offspring exceeds that of Muley *, late regnant.
All places alike I've explor'd; and have been
At once in a bog-houſe and hands of a queen.
I viſit folks often when leaſt they're expecting;
E'en ſince you've been reading theſe lines, and reflecting.
What a ſtrange thing I am, I've encreas'd your vexation,
And perplex'd, by my preſence, your deep contemplation.

12. WHAT's that in which good houſewives take delight?
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And makes the thing 'tis us'd to ſtill more wide;
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That what lies under may the wider grow.
By giddy ſluts ſometimes it is abus'd,
But by good houſewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their purpoſe be,
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What this muſt be, that is no part of man.

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But left him in his paſſage down to hell;

* Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, who is ſaid to have had ſixty five children.

Man

Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his breast,
And none without me can have ease or rest.
I am the staff of age, the sick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
I lead the way to what all seek again:
No man without me wou'd a mistress court,
Nor cross the seas unto a foreign port:
I've told you what I am, and whence I came.
Now tell me, if you can, what is my name.

14. WITHOUT edge it cuts, without tongue it sings;
Foams without anger, and flies without wings.

15. My *master* often lies with me,
His *wife* I oft' enjoy;
Yet she's no *whore*, no *cuckold* he,
And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,
They're neither coat nor gown;
Yet oft' both men and maidens, when
They're *naked*, have them on.

What's oft' my belly, is oft' my back;
And what my feet, my head;
And tho' I'm up, I have a knack,
Of being still a bed.

16. I'M in every one's way, yet no Christian I stop,
My four horns ev'ry day,
Horizontally play,
And my head is nail'd down at the top.

17. I Daily *breathe*, yet have no life,
And kindle *feuds*, yet cause no strife.

RE-

REBUSES.

1. ONE of the ſofteſt things in Nature,
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

2. A Famous old man of time,
And his children, the males of his line,
Give the name of my beauty divine.

3. THE pleaſures of the ſportſman's chace,
The pledge of matrimonial caſe,
With twenty hundred weight beſide,
Name her I wiſh to make my bride.

4. THAT of the pretty feather'd race,
Which moſt do courtly tables grace,
And o'er the mountains bends its flight,
Or lurks in fields with harveſt bright;
For whoſe deſtruction men with care
The nobleſt canine breed prepare,
Beſtows a name on that fair maid,
Whoſe eyes to love my heart betray'd.

5. THAT is a ſweet thing, if you could it obtain,
Would refreſh you, and make you forget ev'ry pain,
Reſtore your loſt ſpirits, diſpel all your fears,
Your ſorrows divert, and dry up your tears.
If you gueſs what it is, you will then know the Dame,
Who' tho' colder than ice, can make all others flame.

6. A BEAST whoſe approach fills all others with terror;
An object that's worſhip'd thro' blindneſs and error;
A bird that for grandeur in ſwimming is known,
A beaſt that diverſion affords to a town;
A bird that by nature is ſolid and grave,
And a god that preſides o'er the watery wave;

If

If your learning can ſhew, or your genius divine
The object implied in each metrical line,
From the letters initial will plainly be ſhown,
The name of a city in Europe well known.

7. OLD England's ſtrong wall of defence muſt be nam'd;
And an inſect for thought and œconomy fam'd;
A beaſt whoſe true courage makes all others fear;
Another admir'd for its beautiful hair;
What a male may be call'd at the age of fourteen;
A creature in houſes moſt commonly ſeen;
What we hope in a journey will ſhortly appear;
What even excels the fond love of my fair;
What Spaniards their daughters too frequently make;
What we ourſelves are when abus'd by a rake:
If now by attention or art you reveal,
The ſenſe of each line, I ſo ſlightly conceal,
The initials will name the dear maid I admire,
Whom to render complete, wit and beauty conſpire.

8. AN ornament children commonly wear,
Two thirds of a ſign of the heavenly ſphere:
If theſe are wrote truly, and rightly connected,
They'll point out an object too often neglected.

9. ONE half of the name of a four-footed beaſt,
After hunting of which we moſt commonly feaſt;
With two thirds of a thing, which unleſs you are blind,
The work of a poiſonous inſect you'll find:
Theſe added together, you plainly will ſee
The name of a girl that's an angel to me.

ÆNIG-

ÆNIGMAS.

1. YE artiſts whom difficult projects delight,
Who change white to black, and turn black into white,
I beg you'll attend, and ſhew abſolute proof,
That theſe ſeeming falſhoods are nothing but truth.
We never in Briſtol nor Canterbury were,
Yet in both of theſe places we conſtantly are.
We never in York nor in Saliſbury have been,
Yet in each of theſe cities are conſtantly ſeen;
For a jail or a dungeon we ne'er were deſign'd,
Yet in thoſe diſmal places we ſtill are confin'd.
Though our number be few, we've alliance with many,
And but few lib'ral arts are performed, if any,
Without our aſſiſtance and valuable uſe.
Our names now diſcloſe, there is nothing abſtruſe.

2. IN London a man dwells, exceedingly young,
With many grey hairs, and as old as the ſun.
His youth it appears as his age it advances,
And the older he grows, his joys it enhances.
His age is his grief, and troubles him ſore,
But yet he's perplex'd, that 'tis not as much more.
He lives upon nothing, yet ſubſtance he eats,
But theſe are his dainties, and excellent ſweets.
He loves company beſt, of which he's ſoon tir'd,
The colder he grows, the more conſtantly fir'd;
He's all inconſiſtence, and yet without jar,
Rejoices in peace, tho' always in war.
As fair as the moon, and as black as a coal,
Bruiſed and broken, and never but whole;
Eaſy and quiet, and always complaining;
For ever diſturb'd, while his peace is remaining.
So blind not to ſee, and yet is clear-ſighted,
And with a ſenſe of it is greatly delighted.

He

He hopes to be ſav'd, while deſpair is attending,
Grows much in his ſtature, without ever mending.
When follies appear, his wiſdom ſhines ſtrong,
And gives a new birth to an excellent ſong.
He lives in a ſea with valleys around,
And walks on the deep as upon ſolid ground.
He runs, but can't move, tho' 'tis pleaſantly felt,
And travels in places where never man dwelt.
By dying he lives, and lives much by dying;
Thus he's calm and ſerene, the more he is crying.
His courſe is awry, and ſtraight forward his ſteering;
As bold as a lion, and always a fearing.
Runs through a ſtrange land, and a ſtranger is counted,
But yet he's no foreigner, nor citizen mounted.
He ſtands on a rock, and lives on a mountain;
He feeds in the valley, and drinks at the fountain.
In a dungeon he's free, and chatters whilſt ſleeping:
He ſings in the dark, and is merry with weeping:
He longs for the day, and the day is his pleaſure;
He frowns upon riches, tho' wealth is his treaſure,
And riches and honours he has without meaſure.
As poor as a howlet, and nothing poſſeſſes,
Yet of all things an heir, and an heir of acceſſes.
He looks thro' a glaſs, to ſee what is paſſing,
With his glaſs in the ſun he often is baſking,
His friends and relations through this mirror is viewing,
That are got over Jordan with pleaſure accruing:
To this haven of reſt he would ever be reaching,
From his King for ſupplies would be ever beſeeching;

Till his glaſs it is run, and his warring is o'er,
And he is by wiſdom put ſafe on a ſhore;
Where his youth will appear in its verdure and bloom,
And for ſickneſs and ſorrow will never leave room.
So the reader is left to try and to make it
His own (if he can), then he's welcome to take it;
And tell to the world he has met with a croſs,
Which ev'ry thing elſe (when compar'd) is but droſs;
A prize now in hand above rubies is found,
Both permanent, laſting, ſolid and ſound.

3. WHEN winter's ſtorms and tempeſts diſappear,
And milder ſkies foretel that ſpring is near:
Then birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At Nature's joyful reſtoration ſing.
When longeſt days to Britain's iſle ſhine forth,
The ſummer ſolſtice uſhers in my birth.
Kind Sol's enliv'ning heat makes me appear,
The pride and glory of the circling year.
Tho' hurtful is my parent, my attire
Has charms which all the nymphs and ſwains admire.
When fair Lucinda is moſt gayly dreſt,
She oft admits me to her lovely breaſt.
What happineſs to Strephon wou'd it be,
Cou'd he enjoy theſe liberties with me?
Belov'd by all, ſuch colours I diſplay,
As e'en tranſcend the verdant growth of May.
The purple violet, and lilly fair,
To me are faint, with me they can't compare.
The valley I adorn, and ſilent grove,
Each ſylvan ſcene with beauties I improve.
Aurora's face does oft with mine agree;
In fine, I'm beauty in epitome.

ANSWERS

ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.

1 A PICTURE
2 A Guinea
3 A Patch
4 The Sun
5 A Candle
6 A Bowl of Punch
7 Light
8 Country Dancing
9 A Corn Mill
10 A Pen
11 Paper
12 A Rolling-Pin
13 Hope
14 Bottled Ale
15 A Bed
16 A Turnſtile
17 A Pair of Bellows.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSES.

1 MISS *Cotton*
2 Miſs *Parſons*
3 Miſs *Harrington*
4 Miſs *Partridge*
5 Miſs *Knap*
6 *Liſbon*
7 Miſs *Sally Denne*
8 A Bible
9 Miſs *Hawe*

ÆNIGMAS.

1 THE five Vowels
2 Time
3 A Roſe

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, and HOB-NOBS.

1 MAY we never want an oil to the ſallad of life!
2 Œconomical decency!
3 May the heart be independent, whatever be the purſe!
4 Paſſions without vehemence.
5 May the Genius of Britain melt down all parties into one maſs in the hour of danger.
6 A long pull, a ſtrong pull, and a pull all together.

7 May the Spaniards ſpring a leak, and the French go to the bottom.
8 The ſmall circle of our female acquaintance.
9 The eye that weeps at a tender tale.
10 Diſſolution and regeneration.
11 May the diſh of our exiſtence be garniſhed with felicity.
12 May good-humour be the ſalt, and proſperity the ſeaſoning of life.
13 The ſtaff of life in the ſource of creation.
14 May the arrow of Cupid always hit the mark.
15 The docks and dockyards that equip the navy of Great-Britain.
16 The unthrifty fair-one—that *ſpends* as ſhe *receives.*
17 The miraculous hole—that grows larger as we fill it.
18 The ring of felicity—that knows not an end.
19 Health, wealth, and proſperity! long life and felicity!—the joys of eternity!
20 May ſorrow be ideal.
*21 May we *ſtand* to the attack.
*22 The ſenſitive plant—that riſes by heat and falls by friction.
21 Trembling ſenſibility of honour.
22 May the friends of our youth be the companions of our age.
23 May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.
24 Delicate pleaſures to ſuſceptible minds.
25 May reaſon be the pilot, when paſſion blows the gale.
26 May the enemies of Great Britain always want beef and claret.
27 May we never ſee an old friend with a new face.
28 May hemp bind thoſe whom honour can't.

29 May

29 May he who made the devil take us all.
30 Joys to our taſte, and taſte to our joys.
31 Friendſhip without intereſt.
32 Community, unity, navigation and trade.
33 The life we love, with thoſe we love.
34 May honeſt men be great, and great men honeſt.
35 May we never want a clean ſhirt and a guinea.
36 The laſs we love, and the friend we can truſt.
37 May the honeſt heart never know diſtreſs.
38 May we live all the days of our lives.
39 May the pleaſures of imagination be realized.
40 May the ſingle be married, and the married happy.
41 Diſintereſted friendſhip and artleſs love.
42 May the pleaſures of the evening bear the reflection of the morning.
43 The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.
44 The roſe of pleaſure without the thorn.
45 Wit without bitterneſs, and mirth without noiſe.
46 Plenty of coal, and fire to make it fly.
47 Religion without prieſtcraft, and politics without party.
48 True hearts and ſound bottoms.
49 May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.
50 Safe arrival of our outward and homeward-bound fleets.
51 The army and navy of Great Britain.
52 May Britain regain the dependencies ſhe has loſt.
53 A halter to them who deſerve it.
54 Perpetual diſappointment to the enemies of Great Britain.
55 A ſpeedy exportation to all the enemies of England, without a drawback.
56 May our endeavours be always ſucceſsful, when engaged under the banner of juſtice.

57 May

57 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

58 Provision to the unprovided.

59 May we have in our arms, those we love in our hearts.

60 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

61 May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

62 Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.

63 May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

64 Health, love, and ready rino,
To all those whom you and I know.

65 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

66 Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

67 The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

68 Life, love, and liberty.

69 Money to him that has spirit to use it, and life to him that has courage to lose it.

70 Success to the lover, honour to the brave,
Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

71 May we never want spirit and resolution to defend our independency against the attacks of ambition.

72 The honest North-country smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country.

73 May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution be frustrate and void.

74 The honest patriot and unbiass'd Briton.

75 Frugality without meanness.

76 May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues,
Nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

77 Pleasures that please on reflection.

78 More friends, and less need of them.

FINIS.